THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXX—No. 1035

OCTOBER 3, 1923

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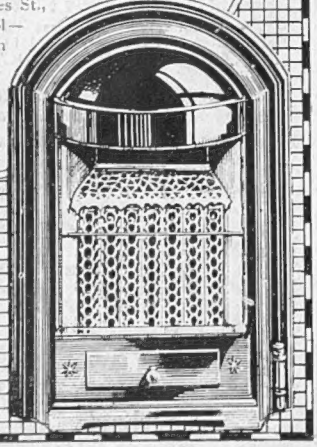

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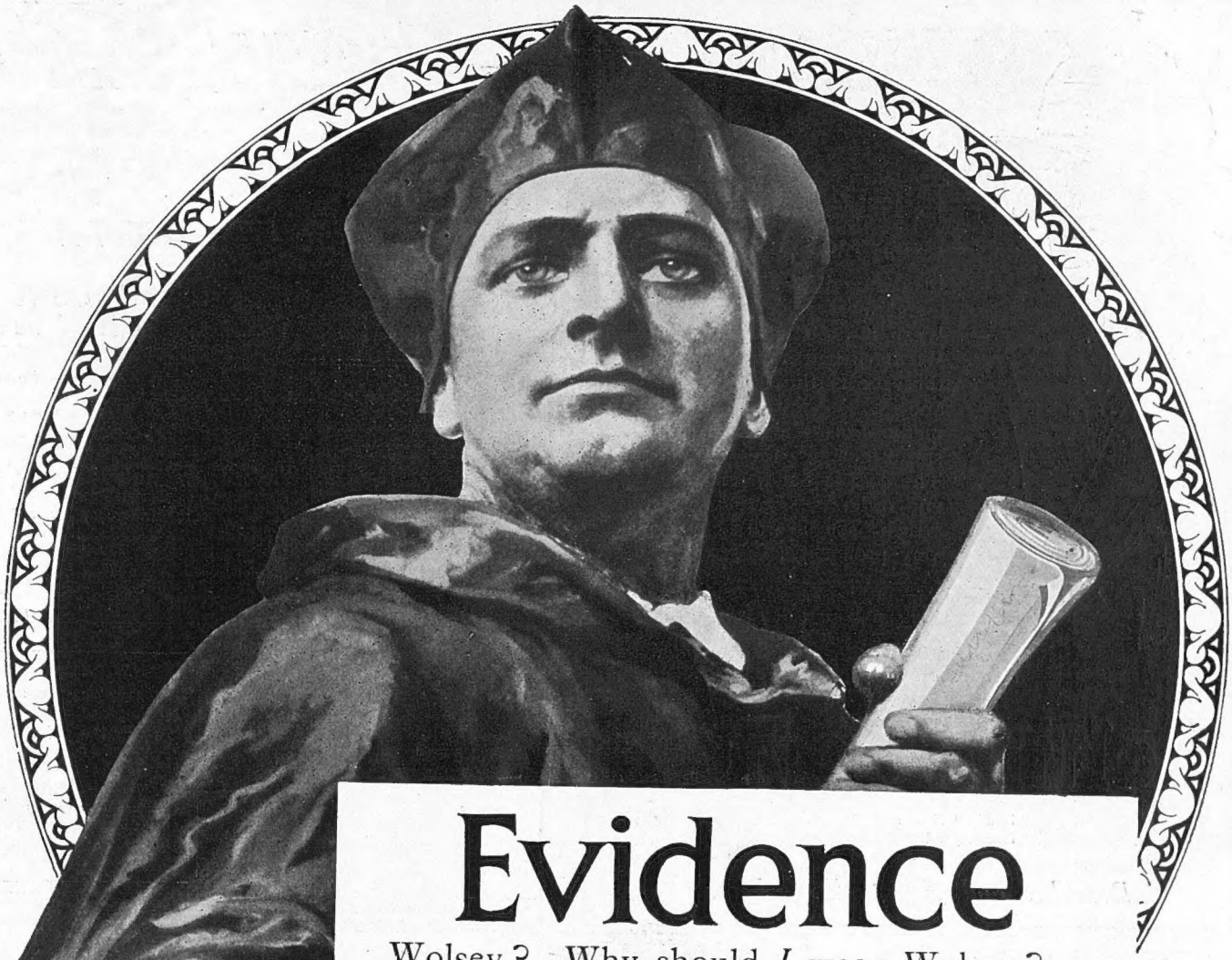

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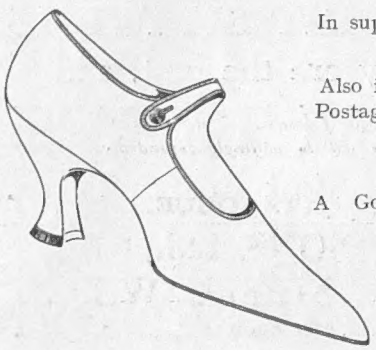

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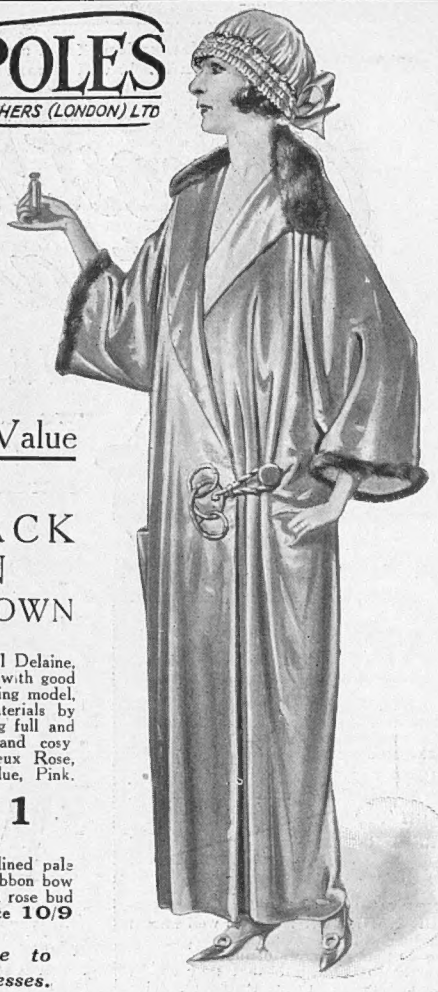

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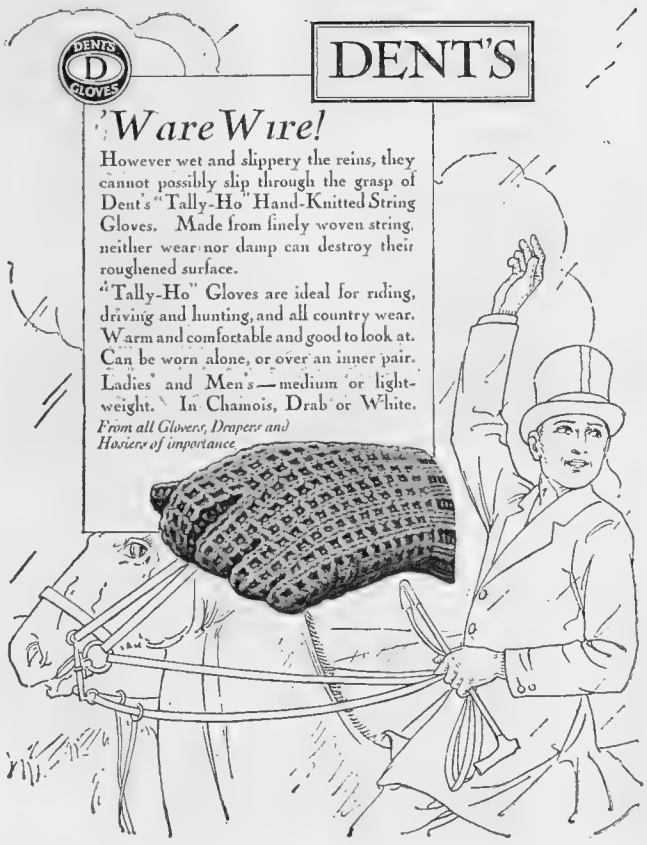

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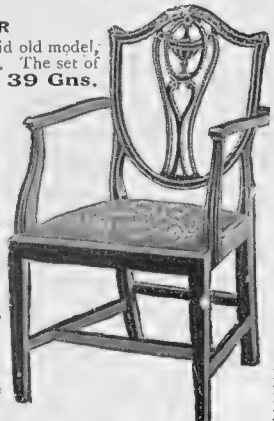

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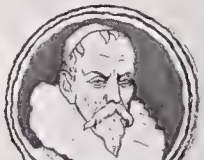

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The Bystander, October 3, 1923 No. 1035. Vol. LXXX.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

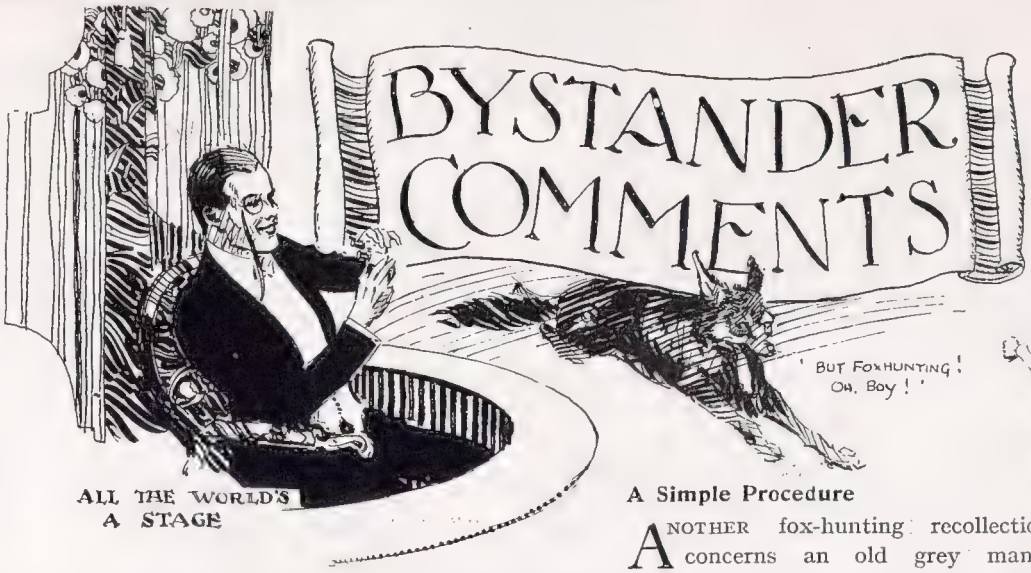
THE NEW JOINT MASTERS OF THE WATERFORDS

Lady Blanche and Lady Katherine Beresford, sisters of the Marquess of Waterford, in the rock garden at Curraghmore. They have taken up the joint mastership of the Waterford pack for this season

A Bobbery Pack

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

All sorts of hounds and dogs go to make up a bobbery pack, which you will find in many places in India. The native kennel huntsman is quite proud of his nondescript collection of hunting dogs



A Delightful Task

WRITING is like everything else in this world—it comes easy when your heart is in the job. There can be few more delightful tasks than editing this BYSTANDER. Imagine a weekly gathering in which the company consists entirely of intelligent, humorous, and, I am convinced, good-looking people. That is how I visualise my readers, and I am sure I am right.

Fox-Hunting

BUT, occasionally, this always delightful task becomes even more delightful than usual. This week provides a case in point. Fox-hunting! Could you possibly find a finer topic? Is there any sport that provides greater possibilities for the photographer—lawn tennis excluded! Cricket is a bird's-eye affair. Football is a jumble of component parts of the male form. Racing is a matter of necks and noses. But, Fox-hunting! Oh, boy!

Being "Blooded"

HAVING been cradled in the sport, I approach it with the reverence it deserves. My earliest recollection is being "blooded" by the Master of a famous pack. In spite of fugitive pictures in the popular Press, I am afraid this custom has fallen into disuse. Your modern child would produce convincing arguments for its abolition based on the soundest hygienic grounds. I feel sure he would.

A Simple Procedure

ANOTHER fox-hunting recollection concerns an old grey manor house surrounded by a moat, which was fed by a large stone drain. For a variety of reasons the moat was allowed to go dry (cheers from my American readers), and the stone drain became the home of succeeding families of foxes. When hounds met in the district the procedure was always the same. The terrier was put in at one end and Reynard hopped out at the other. We gave him a sporting start and off we went. It was *so* simple.

I Join the Jeremiahs

I HATE joining the Jeremiahs but you can't persuade me that Fox-hunting is what it was in my young days—said he, pulling his few remaining grey hairs across the bald patch! The Whaddon Chase dispute wouldn't have been possible twenty years ago. It would have been against the conscience of the country, whereas, to-day, we read about it with a bored smile. If the local squires couldn't have come to an understanding, the tenant farmers would have settled the affair in less than no time.

Nails in its Coffin

FOX-HUNTING reflects the life of the country-side, and recent developments are playing Old Harry with the grand old game. Every time a Knightsbridge draper or a Yorkshire woollen manufacturer buys an estate in the country, he knocks another nail in its coffin. There is nothing economically sound about Fox-hunting. It smashes the fences and ruins the crops, unless hounds are followed with a consideration that is usually lacking,

(Continued on page 21)

23

HOWARD MCCLOCK

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Address parcel plainly to Dept. B.W., and ask for YOUR copy of Fleur-de-Lys No. 12 and the new Man's Magazine "HIS." Both full of hints on how to dress smartly.

Here's the game to shorten those long Winter evenings!
GET out the Table Five-Ten Set. Rig it up on small table and you're all set for hours of fun and frolic and fascinating play. Table Five-Ten takes up half the space that table-tennis requires and gives much more variety of play And because it is so cleverly designed to keep the balls on the table there is much less fagging of elusive balls.
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

nowadays. And, as your pickle king will remind you, it pays no dividends.

"Drink, Puppy, Drink"

BUT don't let us get morbid. Let us rather hark back to the good old days when we all turned out to watch the Master and his whips canter into the village. When the tenant farmer, steeped in the lore of the country-side, whispered a word in the Master's ear, and led the hunt to the old willow tree in the corner of the Long Meadow. When there was no wire—and no poultry claims. When gates opened readily and were carefully closed by the last man through.

Change the Subject

ALL sorts of things have helped to take the fine edge off the pleasure of Fox-hunting. Agricultural depression began it—that was when the wire crept in. Motor-cars brought the carpet-bagger who cursed the farmer for being on his own land. Profiteers tried to make pheasant rearing a paying proposition. New landlords didn't hunt because they couldn't ride, and were jealous of those who did because they could. Suppose we change the subject!

Honest Farmers

'TIS a strange thing, when you come to think of it, that our great national industry is so grossly misunderstood. A contemporary betrays this ignorance of farming conditions when it says that as there are no farms on the market, agriculture *must* be a splendidly paying proposition. This bright but misleading screed has probably never heard the saying: "Once a farmer, always a farmer." What does he suppose our farmers are to become if they cease to be farmers? I don't suggest that they lack the brains to do most of the things that their critics do, but it *is* a fact that the majority of them are far too honest to walk the devious ways of commerce with any hope of success.

The Farmer's Boy

GRANTED that a farmer must be a farmer or nothing, there is also the size of his families to be considered. You will rarely get a farmer's son to keep away from the land. You may send him to town in the hope that he will strike out a more profitable line, but, like the cat of the song, he always comes back. As a result, there are rarely enough farms to go round, and the depression in agriculture is not likely to affect the demand, for the farmer will stick to his farm until he is actually in the bankruptcy court. It hasn't quite come to that yet, but the time is not far distant when there will be farms in plenty and to spare

Pure Milk

CONTINUING in this bucolic strain, I dropped into Vaughan's in the Strand to see if my gun would be ready for a bit of rough shooting at the week-end, and I met a big dairy farmer, who had come to town to talk over the question of a new contract with one of the big wholesale dairies. He was anxious to introduce new and drastic purity tests involving a very large outlay, and wanted to know if there was a chance of being met in the matter of price. He had read of the demand for purer milk, and fancied that he would meet with a sympathetic reception, and, perhaps, an offer of another farthing a gallon. Did he? Don't make me laugh! Your wholesaler only wants to grumble; he doesn't want to pay.

"Après La Guerre"

I MET with a similar attitude in Belgium after the Armistice. The Belgians were continually telling us that they were being starved while the English soldier lived on the fat of the land. The time came when a large Divisional canteen had to be disposed of, and I trotted off to the local Mayor with the glad tidings that he could purchase the entire outfit for a tithe of its market value. Nothing doing! Next, I went to the hospitals. Still nothing doing! I then advertised in the local papers, and sold one case of biscuits to the wife of a reputed millionaire.

An Angler's Prayer

KNOCKING around the world there are bits of merry verse that are worth all the pretentious stuff beloved of the highbrows. I have just come across such a jolly trifle quoted in Sir Hugh Fraser's *Amid the High Hills*. It is taken from "The Angler's Prayer," and reads:

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish
So large that *even* I,
When talking of it afterwards
May have no need to lie.

By Chas. Grave

A "STIFF ONE" FOR THE NEW MASTER

The Danger Age

THIS suggestion that it is dangerous for a man to play golf after he passes his fiftieth year has cast a bombshell into the clubhouses, where it is considered positively indecent for any young upstart in the forties to sit and be bored by the achievements of his betters. I had always looked upon bridge and golf as the crutches upon which I should hobble through my declining years, and in spite of the pundits I see no reason to alter that opinion.

Our Hunting Supplement

INCLUDED as a Supplement in this number is a complete list of Foxhounds in Great Britain and Ireland, with full details about the packs and their Masters, the number of couples, hunting days, etc.

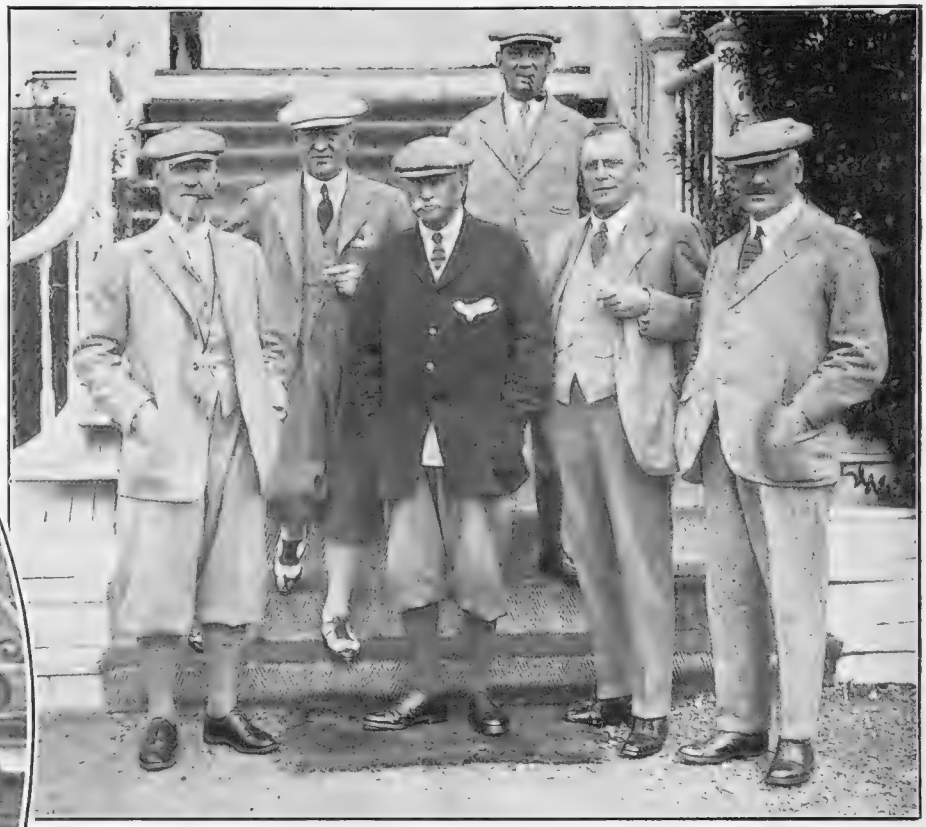
WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MISS MARY CAMPBELL

Whose marriage to Lord Leigh took place at St. Mark's Church, North Audley St., yesterday (Tuesday). Like Lord Leigh's former wife, the new Lady Leigh is an American by birth



Photograph *Sport and General*

GOLF THE AGENDA

A group of M.P.s, and ex-M.P.s, meeting for a golf tournament and, we presume, a little talk, at Le Toquet Golf Club. Our picture shows: Mr. Grattan Doyle (left), Sir Harry Greer, Sir John Rutherford, Lt.-Col. Sir Frederick Hall (at the back), Mr. George Terrell and Sir Joseph Hood

The Hunting Season

I HEAR some doleful wails and prophecies as to the future of hunting. I am told that in some parts of the country, sooner or later, the question will have to be faced as to whether hounds can be kept going.

Photograph *Topical*

CROSSING THE COURSE

Miss Elspeth Richardson, (left) and Miss Henderson at the Lanark Races

This seems to be the trouble. Where big properties have been sold and farmers have become their own landlords fences are not kept up as they used to be when the landowner was landlord. Many farmer-owners cannot afford the expense, so they repair the damage with barbed wire. When the hunting season begins the farmers, naturally, have to be paid out of the Hunt funds for taking down the wire and putting it back when the season is over.

In districts where there are many such farms the expense makes a big inroad on the Hunt pocket—in one country I am told it takes a goodly proportion of the subscriptions.

Photograph *British Illus.*

AT THE LANARK RACES.

Sir Frederick Carmichael-Anstruther (left) with his mother, the Hon Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy, Mr. John Ramsden, Lady Carlisle and Miss Neilson at the famous Scottish Meeting

Notwithstanding these wails everything promises a jolly good season, and so far I haven't heard of any packs being disbanded because of the expense of paying farmer-owners to take down barbed wire. That seems to lie in the future.

The Prince's Hunting

THE Prince of Wales will hunt from Melton Mowbray this year, thus giving the Shires a turn after hunting in the West last season. He will not have a house, but will stay at the Craven Lodge Club, the very last word in club comfort. The Prince will have a suite of rooms in a new wing which has been added to the club. Fifteen of his hunters have already arrived from Princetown, where his polo ponies are stabled for the winter.

The stabling accommodation at the Craven Lodge Club, big as it is, seems to be insufficient for the demand, as a big number of loose boxes are being put up in the grounds. Perhaps it is owing to the Prince's going to Melton Mowbray this year, but, at any rate, the demand for houses and stabling in the neighbourhood is unprecedented, and fancy prices are already being asked for furnished houses of any size.

ON THE HIGH WAY

Colonel Ronald Forbes's party resting on the heights of Aberdeenshire during the shoot at Fcudland. Our photograph shows: Commander Alistair Gordon (left), Colonel Adrian Wayte, Captain Devereux, Mr. Arbuthnot-Leslie and Colonel Ronald Forbes

Photograph *Sport and General*

"THROUGH THE GLASS LIGHTLY"

The Marquis of Sligo aligns his sights on the quarry in the Creagan Duvh, while deer-stalking in Ross-shire

A Great Shot

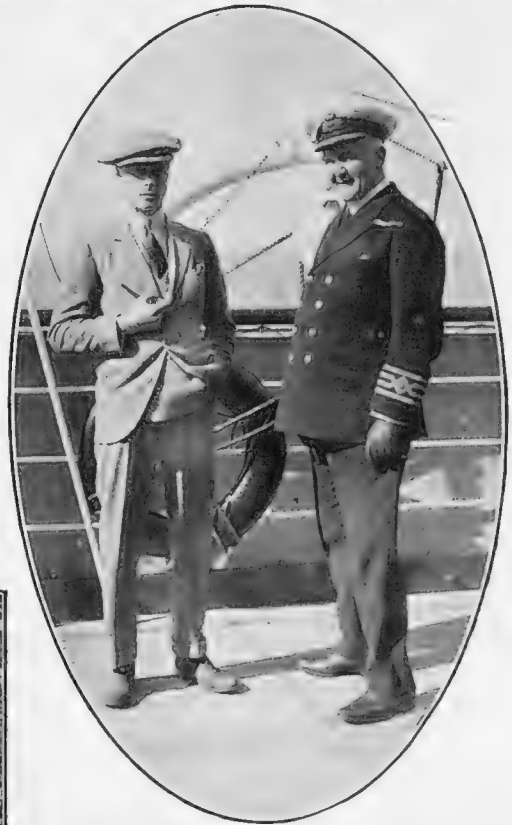
LORD RIPON was the best shot in England, so good a shot indeed that he was "in a class by himself," and there was something sadly appropriate, therefore, in his death whilst following the sport in which he excelled. His rivals were the late Lord Walsingham, Sir Harry Stonor and Mr. Rimington Wilson, but he easily outdistanced them all.

Some ten years ago Lord Ripon told a friend that up to that date his total bag was 750,000, and his record for any one year 26,000!

Nobody could ever actually discover wherein lay Lord Ripon's superiority with the gun. He himself used to say that it was because of his quickness rather than his accuracy. His quickness was amazing.

Two incidents in his shooting are thus described by the late Mr. Teasdale-Buckell: "He accomplished five grouse coming together by changing guns after he had shot one barrel, and then had time

(Continued on page 26.)



Photograph *I. B.*

OUTWARD BOUND

Lord Renfrew, the Duke of Connaught's great-nephew, with Captain Griffiths, on board the "Empress of France," just before landing at Quebec

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HOUSE PARTY AT LOCH ROSQUE CASTLE

The Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo (left), Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Nichol, (whose husband is Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia), Miss Maclean of Ardgour and (in front) Miss Nichol, outside Loch Rosque Castle, before the deer-stalking at Achnasheen in Ross-shire

Steeplechasing in the Isle of Wight

MISS R. MEW, MISS G. TARDELL, COL. AND MISS RHODES

MRS. PERSE DUNCOMBE AND MISS IRENE SEELY

MRS. DUDLEY RIDER and MISS WALCOT

LADY JOHNSTON and SIR CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY

Photographs *Alfieri*

MRS. HANBURY WILLANS and the HON. EVELEIGH LEITH

Steeplechasing in September may seem a little unseasonable to those who are discussing the prospects of the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, but this did not interfere with the enjoyment of the large crowds which attended the Isle of Wight meeting under National Hunt rules last week. Fields were satisfactory both in the steeplechases and the hurdle races, and those brilliant amateur horsemen Major E. C. Doyle and Capt. G. H. Bennet, each had a winner to his credit on the opening day of this popular little meeting

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. A. J. L. HILL, MISS DAPHNE GLADSTONE, MISS PAULA GLADSTONE and MR. A. J. L. HILL

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. CHAMBERS with "GOLSPIE" and MISS FEAR with "GOSPORT"

The Opening of the Coursing Season

Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. ALEXANDER, CAPT. FAWCETT, CAPT. PEPPER, MISS RUTH FAWCETT, MRS. PEPPER AND MISS HAZEL PEPPER

Photograph *Alfieri*

MR. AND MRS. A. J. L. HILL

Photograph *Topical*

LORD FOLKESTONE, LADY HELEN BOUVERIE, COL. McCALMONT, MISS ROSEMARY CHRISTIE-MILLER, THE HON. BARTHOLOMEW BOUVERIE, AND THE MISSES MONICA AND LAVENDER CHRISTIE-MILLER

Last week a new coursing season began with the Avon Valley Club's meeting at Downton, near Salisbury. Although of comparatively recent institution, this club is making rapid headway. It has an enthusiastic supporter in Viscount Folkestone, and the farmers in the Avon Valley do their best to preserve hares. The recent meeting was decidedly successful, splendid entries being secured for the Avon Valley Derby and the Oaks. It promises to be a really good coursing season, many new owners having been attracted to the sport

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (continued)

to get two more of the five in front of him and two behind. On another occasion, in walking through covert, a cry of 'Mark!' brought round Lords de Grey (as Lord Ripon then was) and Walsingham, when, amongst the trees, they accounted for four partridges each, or the whole covey of eight birds."

Who Will Succeed?

LORD Ripon married the beautiful widow of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, who both as Lady de Grey and afterwards as Marchioness of Ripon, was one of the staunchest supporters of the opera at Covent Garden. Indeed, it was largely due to her that grand opera was revived in London. Her death, six years ago, was a blow to Covent Garden, from which we are still suffering.

There were no children of the marriage, and Lord Ripon had no heir to any of his titles, so the baronetcy, created in 1690, the barony of Grantham, the Viscounty of Goderich, the Earldom of de Grey, and the Marquisate of Ripon, all disappear.

Naturally, there is much speculation as to what will happen to the Ripon fortune and property. Lady Ripon had a daughter, now Lady Juliet Trevor, by her first marriage, but Lord Ripon's nearest relations are the Vyners, his mother, a Miss Vyner, and his father, having been cousins. A considerable portion of the Vyner wealth actually came from the Ripon family, a Robinson heiress having married the father of the late Mr. Robert Vyner.

Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner and Mrs. Charles Jarrott, who was Lord Rosslyn's first wife, are Mr. Robert Vyner's daughters. It will be interesting to see who will reign at beautiful Studley Royal, the Ripon place in Yorkshire, which stands close to the magnificent ruins of Fountains Abbey. Lord Ripon made the upkeep of these ruins the first charge on his estate.

Photograph *Bassano*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. Ifor Sandys Thomas and his bride, formerly Miss Mary Garfit, the eldest daughter of Mr. T. Cheney Garfit, J.P., D.L., of Louth. The Bishop of Hereford officiated at the wedding, which took place at Brompton Parish Church

Extinct Peerages

IT is seldom that four peerages have become extinct practically within a month, but the deaths of the Marquis of Ripon, Viscount Morley, Viscount Farquhar and Lord Sterndale, all without heirs, has made these changes in *Debrett* and *Burke*. The last three were their own fathers in the peerage, but the first peerage in the Robinson family, the barony of Grantham, went back to 1761.

There was the unusual creation in the Robinson family of two earldoms. The first, that of de Grey, was made in 1816, and the second, that of Ripon, was made seventeen years later. The marquisate was conferred in 1871 on the late Lord Ripon's father, the Liberal statesman who was a friend of Gladstone and at one time Viceroy of India.

The Late Lady Lambourne

LADY LAMBOURNE was one of the kindest of women and most delightful of hostesses, and her death will be widely regretted, especially by those who enjoyed her hospitality in London and at Bishop's Hall, Romford.

Some two months ago she slipped on a rug whilst dressing, fell and fractured her thigh. She seemed to be progressing quite well, but the shock had evidently been too great for her strength.

Lord Lambourne, better known perhaps as Colonel Mark Lockwood, was one of the smartest and best-dressed men in the House of Commons. He was never seen without a buttonhole. We owe a good many of the enactments against cruelty to animals to him. Lady Lambourne was over seventy when she flew with Lord Lambourne to France about three years ago.

The Swedish Royal Wedding

As a rule the marriage of heirs to thrones take place in their own countries, but the Crown Prince of Sweden is making an exception, since his marriage to Lady Louise Mountbatten takes places at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on November 3. The King of Sweden is coming over, and will stay at Buckingham Palace, but the Crown Prince will be at the Swedish Legation in Portland Place.

The wedding will come under the

MISS MARGOT PASTOR

Photographs

MR. AND MRS. PLANCHE-HEARN

ROUND IN FOU

Biarritz, that fashionable resort of Society wi amusements. The lucky visitor to this delectable France, will find that no matter what his tas excellent golf-course from which the camera-ma San Sebastian, polo,

MISS ADLER AND MISS PEEK

Topical

MISS ASTOR AND CAPT. SAUNDERS

AT BIARRITZ

capital S, is nothing if not catholic in its provision of tucked away in the extreme south-west corner of amusement, he is well catered for. Apart from the turned the score seen above, there is tennis, racing at of course, dancing galore.

" quiet " category, that is as " quiet " as a Royal Wedding can be. The Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace is so small that only a limited number of invitations can be issued, and when all the official folk who must be asked are accounted for, there will be very little room for anybody else.

An Example to Inn-keepers

ONE would have thought that the stream of motorists which rolls everyday through all the highways of England would have done something to improve the English country inn. But it hasn't.

In coaching days these inns were good because they were constantly patronised. With the railways the bigger number of them had nothing to meet except local needs. To this circumstance, I suppose, you can trace the uncomfortable fact to-day that many of our country inns never have any food for the unexpected traveller. And if by rare chance there is anything in their larders it is invariably cold roast beef or, mayhap, fat pork.

But now that the motor has revived the use of the high road, one wonders why the inn-keepers seem to be lacking in all business instinct. In a recent tour through the south-western and western counties I was amazed by the lack of all *prevenance* for the guest for luncheon or for the night, in the hotels and inns at which I stopped.

It was borne in upon me how different all these places might be if the same interest and care which I found by the merest chance at an inn near Launceston were taken in other places. Its name is the Eliot Arms, and it is in a little place called Square and Compass, close to the Cornish moors. Outwardly the Eliot Arms has no attraction ; but inwardly, what was originally a small village alehouse has been changed into a delightful country cottage. The food is excellent, and instead of feeling one is an unwelcome and tiresome person, whose arrival means the landlady leaving her household washing, or the landlord breaking off a yarn with a crony in the bar, you are made so comfortable that you don't want to go away.

There is fishing and shooting in the neighbourhood, and if I were one of those enviable people who can do what they like when they like, I should hie me to the Eliot Arms. It is run by an ex-service man. If other inn-keepers would go to the Eliot Arms they could get some useful hints and so make life a much pleasanter thing for the motorists.

The Flight Southward

THE flight southward has begun. The Duke and Duchess of York, after a series of visits in Scotland, have crossed the Border to Lord Strathmore's place in Yorkshire, and will shortly be settled at White Lodge. Princess Alice and Lord Athlone have ended their stay in Scotland by a visit to Balmoral, and will be at Kensington Palace this week.

Smoke, But Very Little Fire

APARENTLY the Parisian newspapers have been unduly alarmed by the recent Riviera fire at Estérel, and some of them have published somewhat exaggerated accounts. At least, this is the opinion we have formed from the accounts of many of our readers who have recently returned from the Gay Capital. As a matter of fact the Estérel fire, though it unfortunately destroyed several thousand acres of glorious woodlands, has *not* converted the fertile Riviera *littoral* into "*un veritable désert*," to quote one authority. After all, a few thousand acres are but a small part of the Estérel Forest ; and the Golf Club, the Polo Club and the Hippodrome have not suffered in any way. Even the western suburbs of Cannes, despite their proximity to the fire, suffered little inconvenience and no damage, so visitors to Cannes this winter need have no fears about the comfort and gaiety of their " winter quarters."

Photograph *G.P.U.*

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Lord St. John of Bletso leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, Mrs. Sanford, widow of Colonel Edward Sanford, of Wellington, Somerset. Lord St. John, whose first wife died in 1918, is a Captain on the Reserve of Officers and served in the South African War

The Boxing Brotherhood

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

It is a fallacy to affirm that you will "never go to another fight as long as you live," because, after immense difficulty and wangling, you have procured a seat for £5 10*s*. and the two demi-gods of the prize-ring have given battle for exactly 4 minutes 27 3-5th seconds.

As soon as the announcements begin to assert themselves on the port and starboard side of the motor-buses, will you also begin to say, "Well, I suppose I have got to see *this* fight. According to all accounts. . . ." You have every reason to suppose *this* time that the agony will endure for the full twenty rounds. Rumour, from the thick lips of burly, slow-speaking men "in the know," has it that Punching Peter and Lock-Jaw Jones have an old score to wipe out in the matter of the last purse, and that there will be no knock-outs this time. It will be a slow massacre on points. "It will be the fight of the century—take it from me. . . ."

Both men have retired morosely and with a glint of savage determination in their eyes to their training quarters; thence to be heard of (never seen) in ominous press paragraphs which tell of the Spartan manner of their lives, and of fierce daily encounters with their sparring partners, all of whom resemble very closely the coming adversary, few of whom stand the strain of the champion or challenger's onslaughts for very long.

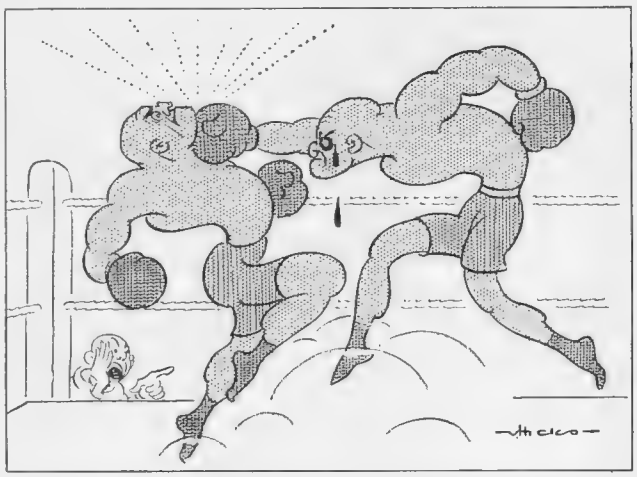
Oh, yes; this is going to be *some* fight.

All the latent love of a scrap (someone else's *bien entendu*) and the probability of a long-drawn-out encounter in a welter of blood and increasing disfigurement draws you towards the arena as irrevocably as the street brawl round the corner draws you hurriedly from the main thoroughfare.

From about the time when the bar opens on the night of the fight, a feeling of manly virility envelops you. You are one of the favoured hundreds amid the tensely expectant, but seatless, thousands who are (of course) going to be there. Never do you feel so entirely a man-about-town as at the moment when a friend says to you, "I suppose *you* couldn't get a seat, either?"

You must arrive, naturally, behind a very long cigar. You may not be a cigar-smoker normally, but on the night of a big fight the long cigar and the dinner-jacket implies clubland, a large monetary stake on the result, and membership of the N.S.C. It would be a grave solecism in the ring seats to fumble a gasper out of the twenty packet, as you do habitually. You will wedge your way into your seat very slowly and nonchalantly during the progress of one of the minor, lip-licking contests, and nobody will mind your impeding their view. Do not try this when the demi-gods have arrived. You may receive a right cross from an ex-heavy-weight sitting next to you. Men are proverbially absent-minded when a fight is toward. You will then yawn prodigiously and nod genially, albeit rather mysteriously, to potentates sitting about you. You need not know them from Adam, but it impresses the £2 seats in the hazy distance.

Having got safely into your seat, and having felt covertly the bulge in your pocket where the note-case should be, and happily still is, you can then settle down (not calmly; you have not been calm since the peculiar acrid smell of the place stirred you into that tense expectancy which always grips you on entering the building on a fight night) and study with feigned boredom the ritual of the ring.



"Punching Peter and Lock-Jaw Jones have an old score to wipe out"

If you are honest with yourself, and observant of others, you will view the arrival of swarms of white-sweatered gentlemen with feelings of admiration and curiosity. Admiration for their stoicism under the pale of the thick sweater. The atmosphere is already oppressive. But they are muffled to the chin, although most of them are going to perform prodigies of masseuse and Muller exercises every three minutes upon their recumbent and plastic hero. Curiosity as to their utility to the champion and challenger in such numbers. You feel that if you were a prize-fighter, the people you would assault ferociously would be those who mauled you about during the all too brief *entr'actes*, and whispered collective advice and caution into your bruised ears. But it is the ritual. Who are you to criticise?

The champion himself, who has appeared suddenly from nowhere, looks dreadfully seedy you think. He is wearing a dressing-gown of advanced age and decrepitude—and he is said to be worth half a million. Your wife would not let you take a thing like that to the despised Tomkinson's week-end. But it is the ritual. Is it not spattered with the blood of a dozen fights? Is it not insured against fire, burglary and third-party risk? Did not the papers say so yesterday? Did not his manager say it was a mascot, not a dressing-gown? It is the ritual.

And his manager. You can never make out quite what his manager does to justify the large proportion of the purse which goes his way. With him it savours faintly of the game "heads I win . . .," etc. It is true that he peers malevolently and hypnotically over the edge of the ringside from his corner, and examines with suspicious care the other fellow's hand bandages. He was present, the illustrated dailies told you, at the signing of the contract, months ago. But what does he do, beyond this, that the champion could not do all by himself, and rather better? Oh, of course, he is the person who can stop the fight by throwing something into the ring, when he thinks he may lose his golden goose from further purse drawings. That, naturally, requires a man of great courage. He has to discuss the matter with the champion in the dressing-room subsequently—y-yes, you had forgotten that.

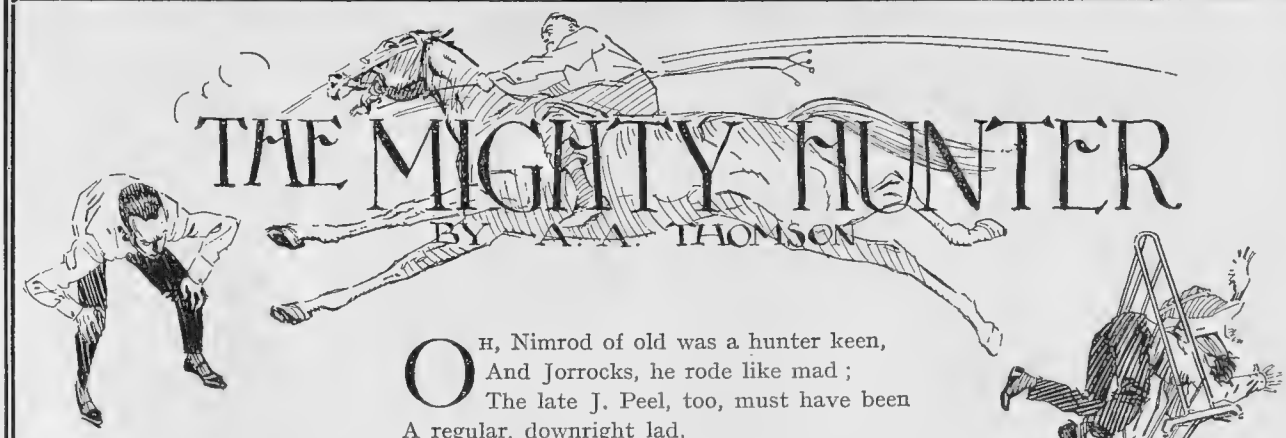
Enough of these vague wonderings. Somebody has struck a deep note on a gong. The two demi-gods have sprung "with easy grace" (as is told us next morning) to their feet. A-a-ah! N-ow! A great deal too much of your money—and mine—is in dire jeopardy. You dig your knees into the oblivious back of the man in front.

The hour, and the purse, is at hand.

Out of the tail of your eye you see a journalist friend of yours stealing cautiously out towards the telephone boxes. . . . Surely not yet? . . . Does he *know*? Probably. The Press knows everything. . . . Another £5 10*s*. gone! . . . Never again—as—long—as—you—live. . . .

THE MIGHTY HUNTER

BY A. A. THOMSON



Oh, Nimrod of old was a hunter keen,
And Jorrocks, he rode like mad ;
The late J. Peel, too, must have been
A regular, downright lad.
There are still stout souls who thrill with pride
At the sound of the winding horn ;
There are gallant gentlemen who ride
With the Belvoir and the Quorn.

But of these stalwarts never a one
Can even hope to know
The joyous thrills of my record run
That happened three days ago.
The meet was held by the bathroom door,
And the scent was quickly found ;
Then I dived for the bedroom hearthrug, for
My quarry had gone to ground.

The washstand coverts next I drew
With a skill that could not fail,
Though I took an ugly toss or two
From a five-barred towel-rail.
In a series of leaping jumps and hops
I galloped upon the chase
From Mantelshelf Spinney to Rockingchair Copse,
From mirror to dressing-case.

In Bedspread Meadow I went astray,
At the corner of Pillowslip Lane ;
With a thunderous shout of " Gone away ! "
I dashed to the trail again.
Then my quarry doubled and turned for home ;
I followed with lightning rush ;
I tumbled over a dressing-comb
And my face secured the brush.

At last I came to the window-sill,
Wearied and out of breath ;
By the curtain-rod I made my kill—
Hurrah ! I was in at the death.
And if I live to be old and grey,
It will warm my sportsman's blood
Whenever I think of the deathless day
I hunted my collar-stud !

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE NORTHERN MEETING

Mr. Gibbons (left), Mr. Grant, Miss Gibbons and Miss Grant watching the games at Inverness. There was a record attendance at the ball on the second night

Photograph *Sport and General*

A TRUE STORY

Mr. H. Napier displaying irrefutable evidence in the shape of a 26 lb. salmon at Black Stream on the Ness. Mr. Lewis Upton-Way is on the extreme right, with Mr. R. Fenton Miles on the left of the picture

SEVEN SPORTING OCCASIONS

A Good Autumn "Number"

Photograph *Sport and General*

INVERNECESSITIES

Sir Griffith and Lady Boscawen prepared for the worst in the way of weather at the Inverness Games

Photograph *Day and Thomson*

AN INTERESTING GROUP AT NORTH BERWICK

Mr. P. J. Ford, M.P., and his son Henry (left), Lady Lavery, Sir John Lavery, Miss Alice Lavery (the artist's niece), Miss Joan Ford and Mrs. Patrick Ford on the links

Photograph *G. P. U.*

FERNIE FOLLOWERS IN THE MAKING

A group of youthful competitors at the Fernie Hunt Horse Show, at Market Harborough. This year's show was marked by a presentation to the huntsman, Arthur Thatcher, on his retirement after twenty-three years' service

Photograph *G. P. U.*

BETWEEN THE EVENTS

Miss Gwen Hayr, who was a competitor at the Fernie's Show, crossing the grounds with Mr. Gordon Hayr

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT STOVER PARK

Lady Petrie and Mr. George Waters (brother of the Master) at a meet of the Cheriton Otter Hounds, held near Newton Abbot recently

BY E. T. REED

OUT WITH THE GROCKSHIRE GROX-HOUNDS

Part of the field, led by Huntsman Leslie on his fine Henson-cab horse, riding to hounds. The meet, which was held at Little Tichley Manor, Robey-in-Lauderdale, provided a long and successful run, as, of course, was only meet and proper

That Cubbing Feeling

BY DELL LEIGH

It is all very well for the inveterate hunting man, who devotes the whole of his thoughts, speech, and time to the orthodox extermination of foxes, from the moment the leaf falls until it appears again, and who buries himself in a hunting country for that purpose. This type of man is immune from the heart searchings and pessimisms of the country man by desire, but town dweller by clogging necessity.

The hard riding country man has no nerves. Or such as he has are of the armour-plated, watertight-compartment variety, pierced and pulsating only on occasions of great and sudden stress; the sort of jar and wrench, I mean, that would reduce you or me to a permanent wreck of humanity. His nerves are not sharpened by a vivid, though perhaps entirely misplaced, imagination, which causes them to jangle about all over his body on the slightest provocation.

So that the man in the country, who is mounting you, does not know what you mean by "that cubbing feeling." You would never dare open out about it. It is a closed book to him; a book written in Sanskrit "or something," as far as his mental vision is concerned. If you were foolish enough to confide in him, he would listen attentively, though blankly, offer no palliative, save the decanter, and the report would get back to your friends that "poor old Leigh, y'know: nerves all gone to pot: pity: s'pose he's getting a bit past it."

He views the prospect of a cub-hunting morning with an ill-concealed jubilation, an eye-glistening excitement which is apparent from about 5.30 p.m. onwards on the evening before. From the moment, in fact, when he has taken you out to the stables to show you the one he has allotted to you. He remarks casually, as he enters her box, that "she wants a goodish bit o' handling yet . . . stand over, gal . . . gets all hot an' bothered when hounds throw off . . . mustn't touch her then . . . just keep her on the move, y'know, gently, don't crowd her in . . . u-urgh, *y-o-u-u*!"

You see the white of an inimical eye cocked at you in the twilight of the stables, and a flicking tail.

You see her again in your fevered dreams (about 18 hands and vicious at that) when you do at length get to bed, after interminable snooker in the fœtid billiard room. As you have to insinuate yourself into recalcitrant boots at an unearthly hour next day, you would prefer to have gone to bed at 10. But *they* see no necessity for this, these hardy annuals. They are all down long before you are, all with that nauseating blitheness of spirit, in fact with that other feeling so extensively advertised.

You stagger out at what seems to you the nearest approach to the zero hour than anything you can remember since the Somme days, and follow blindly to the stables. It is an æon since you were across a horse. With unfailing feminine instinct she has divined this, and adds to your discomfiture by denying you thrice. However, you follow at length in the wake of the departing host over the clashing cobbles of the yard into the unknown.

She side-steps violently at the grey-white gates of the drive, just to show you how nervous you are, and then settles down in rear of the procession with a furtive air which implies "my time will come."

It is piercingly cold. Thin wraiths of October mist rise to scatter about the edges of coverts, and the grey light, which presages the imminence of things for you, begins to prize open the lid of the morning.

The Secretary squelches by in the lane mouthing obscenities at one of the hunt servants. The huntsman appears suddenly down a ride and scowls at you for getting too close to hounds. The host turns round and cautions you "to keep her well out, over in that corner ol' man, he'll probably break this side"—and the hour is at hand.

Up to now she has been merely a head-tossing bundle of fractiousness, but has maintained a fair to middling equilibrium. Having cajoled her away into the splendid isolation of the corner, you feel competent to deal with any further vagaries, and you sit statuesquely watching her working nostrils, and feeling the little runnels of suppressed excitement quivering along her spine. But at the first note of the horn she stands straight upon end—and the ballet begins . . . It is her dance, not yours. You are merely an agonised spectator on the slippery pigskin brink of catastrophe and disgrace. All four points of the gyrating compass are pierced at all angles, stresses and strains. You had no idea your vocabulary was so varied and venomous. . . .

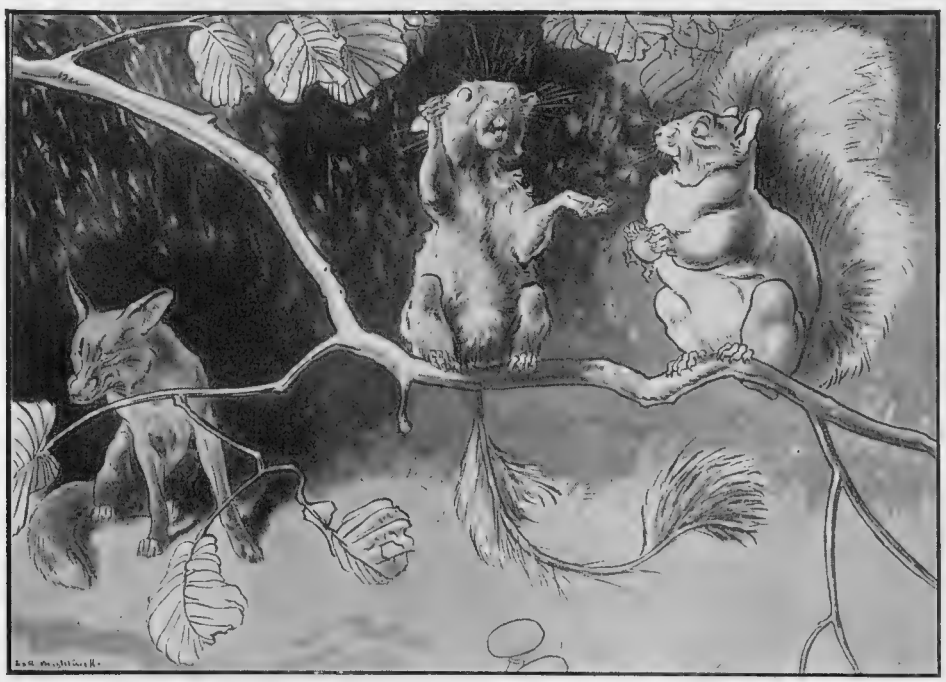
And as you jog home to breakfast the host has the effrontery to say, leaning over and patting her:

"Well, well, girls will be girls, won't they, darling?"

Darling!

You would employ quite another term to her, if you could find one. But you can't. You have used them all. There is no word left.

So you relapse into a grim silence, and think of the stiffness that is to follow, very soon. Which is merely another symptom of that cubbing feeling



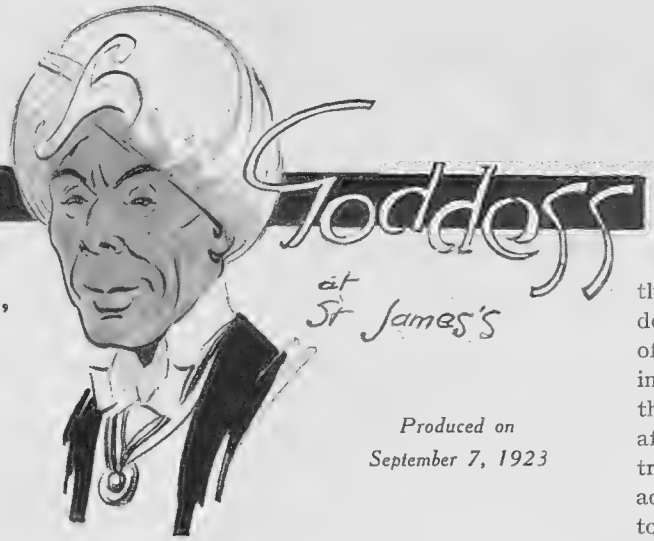
A TACTLESS SUBJECT ATTACKED By L. R. Brightwell

Disgruntled Squirrel: "And all I did was to ask him if it was true that Brer Fox enjoyed the run as much as the huntsmen did!"

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

DOWN ON THE FARM

The Green Goddess at St James's



By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on September 7, 1923

THIS is a very adroitly compiled drama of sensation. It begins with a quiet prospect of peace and plenty, and gradually drifts into excitement that grows fiercer and fiercer, till you want to hold on to something to keep you quiet. Somewhere or other O. Henry has a story of a young Redskin who was educated in civilisation, and who graduated from Yale with all the culture and refinement of university training, and with the consolations of religion thrown in. And one day the Redskin, having a serious difference with another man, knocks him on the head and—scalps him. I think the usual comment is that Blood will Tell, or what's bred in the bone is another man's poison, or something of that sort. The Raja of Rukh is a gentleman just like that. He was educated at Oxford, he reads Anatole France and says disrespectful things about George Bernard Shaw, so that as you will see he can be quite modern if he likes. And then, in due course, the natural man breaks out rather badly. The part is played with exquisite perfection by Mr. George Arliss.

WHEN the curtain rises we observe that an aeroplane has just crashed in the middle of the Himalayas. Several Himalayas are shown in the distance to show you that a pilot has got to be very expert indeed if he would land in such a spot on purpose. The aeroplane has come down at Rukh, though its occupants are at first unaware of the fact. All they know about Rukh is that three natives of the place have just been condemned to death in Cashmir for a political murder, but no importance is attached to the incident for the moment. Then the Raja appears on the scene. He is a model of sweetness and light, devoutly hoping that no one has been hurt, and anxious to have the honour of offering the hospitality of his palace, until another conveyance can be procured for the victims of the accident, Major Crespin, his wife, and Dr. Basil Traherne. When the Major expresses the hope that they may so far trespass on the Raja's kindness as to ask him to facilitate their early departure on the morrow the Raja replies purringlythat the subject shall be discussed after dinner.

ARTHUR HATHERTON AS WATKINS AN ENGLISH VALET IN UNUSUAL SURROUNDINGS

OVER the walnuts and the wine, as it were, the Raja, in a quiet, chatty manner, informs his guests that they came down in their plane by the side of the shrine of the Green Goddess, who still respects the obsolete Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a life for a life. Three men from Rukh are condemned to death in Cashmir. Those three men happen to be his brothers. By the inscrutable workings of Fate three Europeans have been generously delivered into the hands of the fanatics of Rukh. He is very sorry to have to introduce an aspect of the situation that is not a particularly agreeable after-dinner topic, but the unfortunate truth is that in order to balance the account the two gentlemen will have to die within the next few hours, while the lady will take her place as the head of his harem. And now that the business of the day has been satisfactorily disposed of in this manner, he hopes the gentlemen will settle down to their cigars and coffee, and allow no unpleasant personalities to mar the happiness of the evening.

ISOBEL ELSOM AS MRS. CRESPIN

GEORGE ARLISS AS THE RAJA

RUKH is miles from anywhere; the palace is guarded without and honeycombed with spies within. Escape is impossible. How, therefore, is the author to get his people out of the mess? The first possibility is Wireless. This remote palace has a most elaborate wireless installation, by means of which long-distance messages can be sent and received. It so happens that Major Crespin's job at the frontier was wireless work. He can read messages in Morse as they are tapped out, with the accuracy of the expert. But the Raja is leaving nothing to chance. He invites

his guests to attend a demonstration of his wireless apparatus, and arranges with his valet that a message shall be sent compromising the Major's wife. If by the flicker of an eyelash any member of the party should give a sign of understanding the Raja will take steps accordingly.

This is an extremely interesting and well-acted scene, and begins the excitement which thenceforward grows progressively. Major Crespin knows his India, and he has learned many of its tricks. He listens while the abominable message is being tapped out, but shows no sign of intelligence. He even inquires nonchalantly if they may talk while the tapping is going on, and lights a cigar as though the entertainment, as far as he is concerned, is entirely meaningless. The flashing and crackling of the sparks as the message is being sent out add considerably to the excitement of the scene. The Raja and his valet are both satisfied that wireless telegraphy is beyond the mental grasp of the guests, and the Raja himself goes away with the High Priest to attend to the minor points of etiquette involved in the forthcoming execution.

Then an attempt is made by the Major (Mr. Owen Roughwood) to bribe the valet, a renegade Englishman, a remarkable performance by Mr. Arthur Hatherton. After a good deal of haggling, a considerable sum is guaranteed to the valet if he will send out a message to the effect that Europeans are in peril of their lives at Rukh. The Major would tap the message himself, but he has forgotten an essential detail. The valet gets to work, and a moment or two later Major Crespin announces abruptly to his companions that the fellow is playing them false. He is not sending out their message at all. Things move swiftly. The Major and Dr. Traherne (Mr. George Relph) rush at the valet and gag him, and then pick him up and drop him out of the window, from whence, it is understood, he will fall for a hundred feet and thus be entirely unfitted for further use. Then the Major calls out joyfully that he has just remembered the missing word. He rushes to the instrument and tries to send a call. There is not a moment to lose. His wife and Traherne act as pacemakers, and urge him on. Quick! Someone is coming up the stairs! Traherne flings himself against the door and holds it, while Mrs. Crespin calls hysterically to her husband to stick it at all costs. The sparks flash and crackle as before, only more so. Mrs. Crespin screams out more encouragement, and you can see for yourself that

Dr. Traherne is slowly but surely giving ground before a superior force that is shoving the door against him. Oh, help! Then the Raja wedges himself through the half-opened door, and, levelling a revolver, pots Major Crespin fatally in the neck.

The atmosphere gets a little calmer after that. Mrs. Crespin (Miss Isobel Elsom) and Dr. Traherne lift the Major and carry him to a sofa, where with his dying breath he does the British thing. The Raja, no longer the smooth-tongued product of Western civilisation, but a savage and merciless Oriental once more, shrieks out the question, "Did you get the message through?" And the Major replies in suitable emphasis, "Damn you, no!" He is a soldier and a strategist to the last. There is another act to clear up things, but the excitement is maintained to the end with a dexterity that is quite admirable. The play has all the orthodox essentials of first-class, fighting melodrama, and it is absorbingly interesting throughout. Its success appears to me to be complete. JINGLE

A Day with the Pytchley

BY J. A. STEWART

You must be really well mounted if you want to enjoy your sport in the fashionable and strongly fenced Pytchley country. One authority declares that a bad horse cannot get over the country at all, and a second-class one will only spoil your pleasure and ruin your nerve

A Tragedy of t

GONE T

e Hunting Field

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

EARTH

"THE SPORTSMAN'S SOLACE"

By J. H. [illegible]

Out on the moors with gun and with dog, the blank periods well provided for by a well-seasoned pipe and a goodly supply of one's favourite Three Nuns—who cares if the birds are shy, with such a fragrant solace?

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings: 1-oz. Packets, 1/2; 2-oz. Tins, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

By ARTHUR MILLS. *Heading by J. A. STEWART*

WHILE waiting for the car to take him up from the station, Nappy strolled over to Switch's yard. The horse-dealer and he were old friends, and it was possible he might get a free hunt.

However, Switch was not very forthcoming.

"Sir John would mount 'ee, wouldn't 'e?"

"Not a hope; he's on this 'young men should earn their own living' tack. You don't want to buy a nice car, I suppose—self-starter, electric cigar-light, every gadget you can think of—fifteen hundred sovs.—the body's worth that alone."

Switch smiled deprecatingly. "I 'eard you'd gone into the motor business! Now there's a rum 'oss," he broke off as Sam, his man, led out a rakish-looking skewbald. "Pinto, we calls 'im. That was 'ow he was described in the catalogue. He was one of a job lot that came over from Buenos Aires too late for the war, an' if he'd stopped one of them shells that was meant for Paris it wouldn't have been much loss to anybody. He's no use to me; if I was to let him out as a 'unter he'd ruin my reputation."

"Why, what is the matter with him? You say he jumps all right."

Switch took Nappy confidentially by the arm.

"That horse hates 'ounds; he goes mad at the sight of 'em. That's when he starts his buck-jumping. Sam here thinks he must have been bitten by a dawg when he was a colt."

"Oh, he's a buck-jumper, is he?"

Sam cast his eyes piously skywards. As his master was telling the truth, Sam felt he could tell the truth, too.

"Buck!" he echoed, "that 'orse could make his living at it."

"You want to get rid of him?"

The horse-dealer nodded. "As long as it's not to anyone who lives around here."

Nappy began to see daylight.

"Well, if you care to send him up to-morrow I'll try a ride."

"Very good, Mr. Charles." Switch nodded to Sam to lead Pinto back to his box. "That'll be Miss Bettine coming to meet you. Whatever you do, don't let 'er get on 'is back."

Bettine was Sir John's ward. As Nappy anticipated, her first question was, had he sold a car? Bettine's attitude towards his motor business was most galling. Once he had asked her to marry him. She had merely laughed and asked what he thought they would have to live on? He'd like to see someone else trying to sell Silver Clouds at £1,500 each in these hard times.

"I hear Uncle has got an American staying with him. Who is he?" Nappy changed the subject.

"A Mr. Amos K. Salt. Now look here, why don't you sell a car to him!"

"I don't think Uncle would like my selling a car to one of his guests," answered Nappy. "Besides, I'm on a holiday."

"S'hard life," sighed Bettine. "Do any good at Newmarket?"

Nappy treated this question with dignified silence. As a matter of fact he had not done any good at Newmarket.

They reached the house. Sir John was in the hall resting in a chair, his leg propped on another. A tall, lean man with horn spectacles and a prominent chin stood in front of the fire, talking at a great rate and disregarding Sir John's "Eh, what? I'm a bit deaf."

Sir John presented his nephew to his guest, and had himself wheeled off to his sanctum, where he subsided into an exhausted but fitful slumber. Bettine poured out tea and retired to her room, first making a significant face at Nappy behind the American's back.

Nappy and the American were still talking when she came down ready for dinner. She was just in time to hear a far-carrying voice saying:

"Young man, I'm old enough to tell you something; selling a car is mighty hard work. Salt's my name, but I don't keep any on my coat tails, an' it takes a smart man to put it there." Amos paused and looked at Bettine. "You English college boys don't seem to get taught business, somehow. I've gotta nephew now in Detroit who'd have sold me that car inside of five minutes, whether I wanted it or not. Selling a man a thing he don't want is an art."

"You'll have to learn it, Nappy, dear." Bettine smiled sweetly at him.

From that moment Nappy felt a dislike stirring in him against the tall, lean, square-chinned stranger. And this dislike grew as at dinner and during the evening Amos got in some sly digs about Silver Clouds, which never failed to make Bettine laugh.

"I'll *make* him buy one all the same before he leaves this house," Nappy murmured to Bettine as they said good-night.

"That's the spirit," she answered.

All the same, how he was going to sell an extremely shrewd American business man a car he did not want was more than Nappy could imagine.

Next day Amos and Nappy rode together to the meet.

"This game is new to me," Amos remarked, letting out his stirrups as they jogged along. "I've ridden horses longer than I can remember, but we've not got much fox-hunting out my way. I'm planning to stop over and have a couple of months of it. That's a nice horse you're riding," Amos eyed Pinto, who was picking up his feet and stepping along well.

Nappy nodded, but said nothing of what he knew of Pinto's history. He was still sore over the gibes about the motor-car and the horse's manners were no business of Salt's, anyway.

"Maybe I'll buy a horse or two while I'm over here," continued Amos. "A good horse is always worth money and I hope I'm not getting so short sighted I can't see one yet."

It was at this moment that the great idea came to Nappy.

Up to now Pinto had behaved admirably. He had passed a traction engine without so much as turning his head; barely started when a child sent an iron hoop bowling under his belly, and taken no notice whatever of

(All rights strictly reserved.)

a motor-cyclist doing a speed trial with his silencer removed. Then they rounded a bend, and Nappy saw a group of pink-coats, and realised they were arriving at the meet. So, apparently, did Pinto, for he pricked up his ears and started to walk delicately.

"For the love of Mike," thought Nappy, "hounds can't be fussing the horse at this distance!" However, evidently they were, and Nappy decided to take no chances.

Telling Amos to go on, and that he would join him later, he dropped behind.

After this Nappy took precious good care of two things: one, that Pinto never got near hounds, and, two, that Amos K. Salt saw his jumping powers—things not difficult to accomplish, as Amos was strange to English hunting fields.

"Now, if you'd ha' offered to sell me a horse like that, instead o' one of them splash and paint Tin Lizzie's, we might ha' talked," Amos remarked on the way home.

Nappy maintained a dignified silence.

Amos bit a cigar and ejected the end scientifically into the hedge. There was a glitter in his eye which those who had been associated with him in his long and successful business career knew well. "If I'd ha' been on that horse's back I'd ha' been over the brook, 'stead of in it" (Amos was referring to a brook Nappy had jumped quite unnecessarily under his nose.)

"Say, young man, name your figure," he jerked out.

Nappy looked doubtful.

"You haven't tried him, you know; he might not suit you."

"That's on me. I guess I know pretty well when I see anything I like. Why a horse that can jump like that....!" Amos gazed admiringly at Pinto.

Nappy hesitated. "It is this way, Mr. Salt," he said. "You are a stranger over here, and stopping in my Uncle's house; I would really rather not sell you a horse myself; I mean if you found you did not like the animal, I should feel—it is not like a car, quite, which is my business."

Amos appreciated he was up against the great and mysterious British code of horse coping, and that a strong line was necessary if he was to get what he wanted.

"Young man; you sell me that horse; if I don't like him I'll buy one of your blamed cars instead; now that's talking."

The transaction was completed at dinner. In the presence of Sir John, Amos practically forced Nappy to sell Pinto, reiterating the promise to buy a car, which Heaven knew was the last thing he wanted, if he did not like the horse.

. . . . .

"Well," said Nappy, later that evening, when he and Bettine were alone. "I've sold a car, anyway."

"A car! When?"

"This evening at dinner."

"How?"

"You come out on Friday and see," answered Nappy.

Friday's meet was at Dutton Lacey House, and very well attended. By eleven o'clock fully two hundred people had collected. Sir John, his leg sufficiently recovered to enable him to get about on his sticks, hobbled over to chat with the huntsmen; footmen moved about with trays of sandwiches and glasses of sloe gin.

Nappy hovered on the outskirts of the crowd in an agony of suspense. Now he had finally parted with Pinto to Amos K. Salt he was fearful of his action. What if the horse kicked a hound! He oughtn't to have done it.

Amos so far had not appeared, Nappy having given special private instruction to the groom for the saddling of the horse to be delayed till the last minute.

Bettine, smart and trim in her blue habit, reined up beside Nappy.

"Where's Mr. Salt?"

Nappy shuddered. "Don't ask me."

Bettine pointed to the drive leading from the stables.

"There he is."

Nappy looked. Sure enough, there came Amos riding Pinto, looking as pleased as a woman with a new frock. Pinto walked along quietly and sedately. A wall hid hounds from view. Pinto rounded the wall, walked on to the grass, and came to a standstill. Right under his nose, twenty yards away, were twenty couple of those objectionable hounds. Pinto stared at the hounds. At the same moment Amos urged him forward, touching him with his heel.

That did it. Pinto left the ground all four legs stretched stiff as pokers, head between his knees, back arched like a bow. In mid-air he gave a kick and came down to earth again with a thump. As an example of a buck jump the display was nearly perfect.

Amos was thrown some eight feet. He picked himself up, grinned, remarked he liked 'em lively, and mounted Pinto once more.

Then the tornado broke. Pinto bucked again; Amos, prepared this time, sat him firm as a rock, and gave him a welt with his crop to teach him manners. A hound, whom Pinto's hoof had missed by a fraction of an inch, yelped, and Pinto went mad. Bucking, kicking, plunging, he charged the pack. A footman with a tray of glasses went one way; Sir John's sticks went another, and Sir John sat down heavily; people edged hastily behind trees.

"Mind the 'ounds, sir!" called the huntsman.

"Take that damned horse home!" yelled the Field Master.

"Blast your impertinence!" called Sir John, wiping some gin from his eye.

Amos stuck on; his hat hanging down his back; his stock flying round his neck; his teeth rattling. Only after a long ten minutes, when hounds had been collected at a safe distance, did Pinto, sweating, but still full of fight, quieten down.

Amos slid to the ground, and looked about him dazedly. After a minute he spied Nappy. Slipping his arm through Pinto's bridle he walked across to him.

"Young man; the joke's on me." He handed the foam-flecked reins to Pinto's late rider. "Take your horse back. I guess I'll have you send that car."

A. M.

By Norman Keene

TROUBLE OVER THE BO(A)RDER

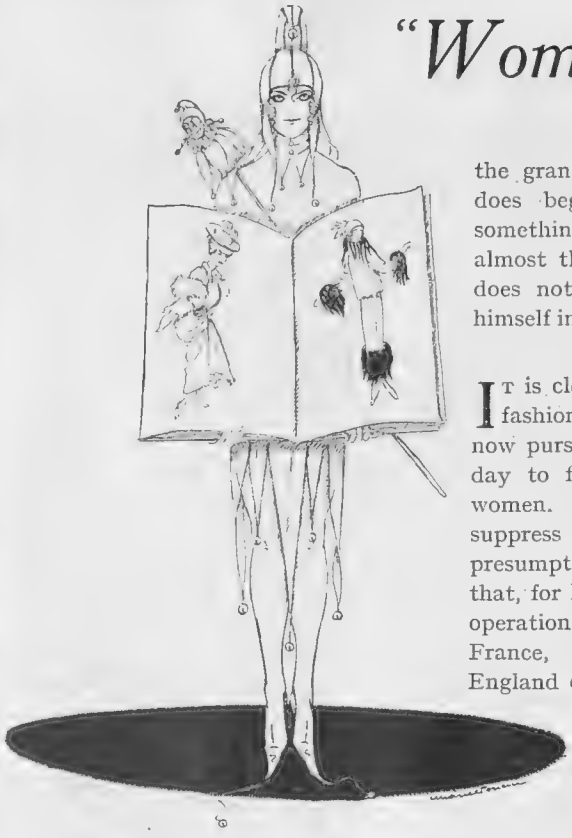
October on the Dunes

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

A STUDY IN AUTUMN SOMBRENESS

"Woman Making Herself Away"

By "RENÉ." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*



"Compare the Parisienne of to-day and yesterday"

MES AMIS—

WE have had no peace since that Maurice Prax has discovered that people have bathed in the sea at Deauville. One is sorry to have to mention again Deauville — all the more that it has nothing to do with the subject and everyone is really tired to hear about it—but it is a fact that since the great discovery nothing has been the same. We have been compelled to bear a sustained sequence of the shocks. What with the earthquakes afar and the upheavals anear, the bombardments to the east of us and the revolutions to the south of us, one has the difficulty to find the solid earth on which to place the feet.

THE only piece of solid earth which I have met recently has been on the golf links of St. Germain, and it has broken my favourite driver. You may feel inclined to allege that it has been my golf which has been bad, but you will withdraw the aspersion when I tell you that it has been possible to putt quite confidently across the sand of the side bunkers. Why is it, when the rest of the earth does display such a lack of firmness, that the golf courses should acquire the characteristics of the granite? Is it that everything does begin to be transformed into something other? *Ciel!* There is almost the fear to go to bed, for one does not know what one shall find himself in the midst of on the morrow.

IT is clear, for one thing, that if the fashions develop in the way they now pursue, that we shall awaken one day to find that there are no more women. The *sexe faible* are engaged to suppress themselves. One has the presumption that you have noticed that, for I suppose the process is in the operation in England as well as in France, though, perhaps, as usual, England does proceed with the greater caution. However, look at the Parisienne of to-day and compare her with a picture of the Parisienne of the yesterdays. You shall appreciate that she has formerly had the pronounced attributes which she no more possesses. She has had the *hanches*, the *poitrine*, the *mollets*. Up to almost recently has she had all these distinctions. Now they all have vanished. Almost in a night. If the women continue to shrink out of sight at the similar pace there shall be nothing of them left to receive the presents of the New Year.

"Love as a liver complaint"

WE shall have to insist that the limit of reduction has been reached—and put a ban on the sale of some flesh-reducer which, apparently, has had the fiendish success. *Il faut qu'on nous laisse quelquechose à regarder, à caresser, à aimer.* It is time that *La Mode* should become a restorer instead of a destructor. Why is it that the women do tolerate this tyranny of the obligatory diminution, instead of to insist on the preservation of the *formes*? We have lost so many of the illusions that we cannot afford to sacrifice any of the realities.

"Quelquechose à caresser"

IT is all the time that we have to abandon the illusions at the behest of the persistent discoverers. We have just been informed, *par exemple*, that it is not in the heart that the flame of love is kindled, but in the liver. That is rather a shock. Poets and writers have found it difficult to enter into the raptures about the liver. Liver is very well for the *pâté de foie gras*, but as a topic for impassioned verse it is of the most depressing. Fancy the effort to

(Continued on page 46)

Chu Chin Chow's Charmer

Photograph *Abbe*

MISS BETTY BLYTHE

Who, as a "flower of the desert," has a strenuous time spurning the villainous robber chief, Chu Chin Chow, in the film of that name. Although she spends a good deal of her time tied up with ropes, Miss Blythe achieves a great success, never being tied up with her part

"WOMAN MAKING HERSELF AWAY" (*concluded*)

"Enamoured of a 'gigolo'"

picture Cupid engaged to shoot an arrow into the liver.

YET we have the information upon the authority of a distinguished professor. He has established—to his satisfaction, if not to that of the rest of us—that variations of the liver have the correspondence with the aspirations of affection. The only comfort about this discovery shall be derived by the cynics, who will recall that the principal task of the unpopular organism, hitherto, has been the elimination of the poisons. *Enfin*, they shall say, there is a cure for the most murderous of poisons. And if the liver shall reveal a slackness to deal with the situation, when a *jeune fille de famille* has become enamoured of a "gigolo," they shall insist that she be placed under the treatment at Vichy, where the liver shall be made impervious to the such dangers.

APART from the cynics' one does feel that the world must refuse to accept the affirmations of the professor, however substantial may be the proofs with which he is able to furnish us. Love as a liver complaint! *Jamais. Tous ce que vous voudrez, mais pas ça.* Why is it that the experimenters do not make the researches for something that is cheerful, instead of doleful! Suppose this professor should seek to find the means to make love last for ever. That would be a discovery to be proud of.

THEY should take the example from the authors of the revues and the plays. These more cheerful gentlemen have the confidences in the persistence of the romance. There is, for instance, the new play at the Potinière, which is entitled *La Femme du Jour*. The authors, Paul Armont and Leopold Marchand, have the faith in the *sentimentalité régénératrice* which some persons are inclined to think excessive, but which certainly more deserves to be encouraged than the pessimism of the professors.

ONE cannot enter into the details of the plot, which is rather too Parisian to be translated into the plain English, but it turns upon the display of real affection by a lady from whom it could scarcely have been expected. *En passant*, one may remark that it is a play which does provide much amusement, thanks to the fact that it is wittily written, and has the good fortune to possess as principal *intérprête* Mlle. Maud Loty, a *comédienne* who may be truthfully described as *exquise*.

SIMILARLY in the new revue, *chez* Mayol, peculiarly called *Cache ta Pudeur*, there is the expressed belief in the reality of the affections, especially in the numbers of the *vedette* Parisys. Nothing of the liver complaint about the Mayol revue. It is, *en effet*, a production in which even the most refractory sufferer may forget for an evening that he has the ownership of the such disagreeable organ. One could wish to be able to say much more about the revue for the *tableaux* compel the admiration, but it should be necessary to enter into the long details, and that would conceal rather than convey the effect. One can only advise the visit as the best way to appreciate the artistry with which the costumes and the colours have been blended.

Photograph *Topical*

THE ARMY TAKES A HAND

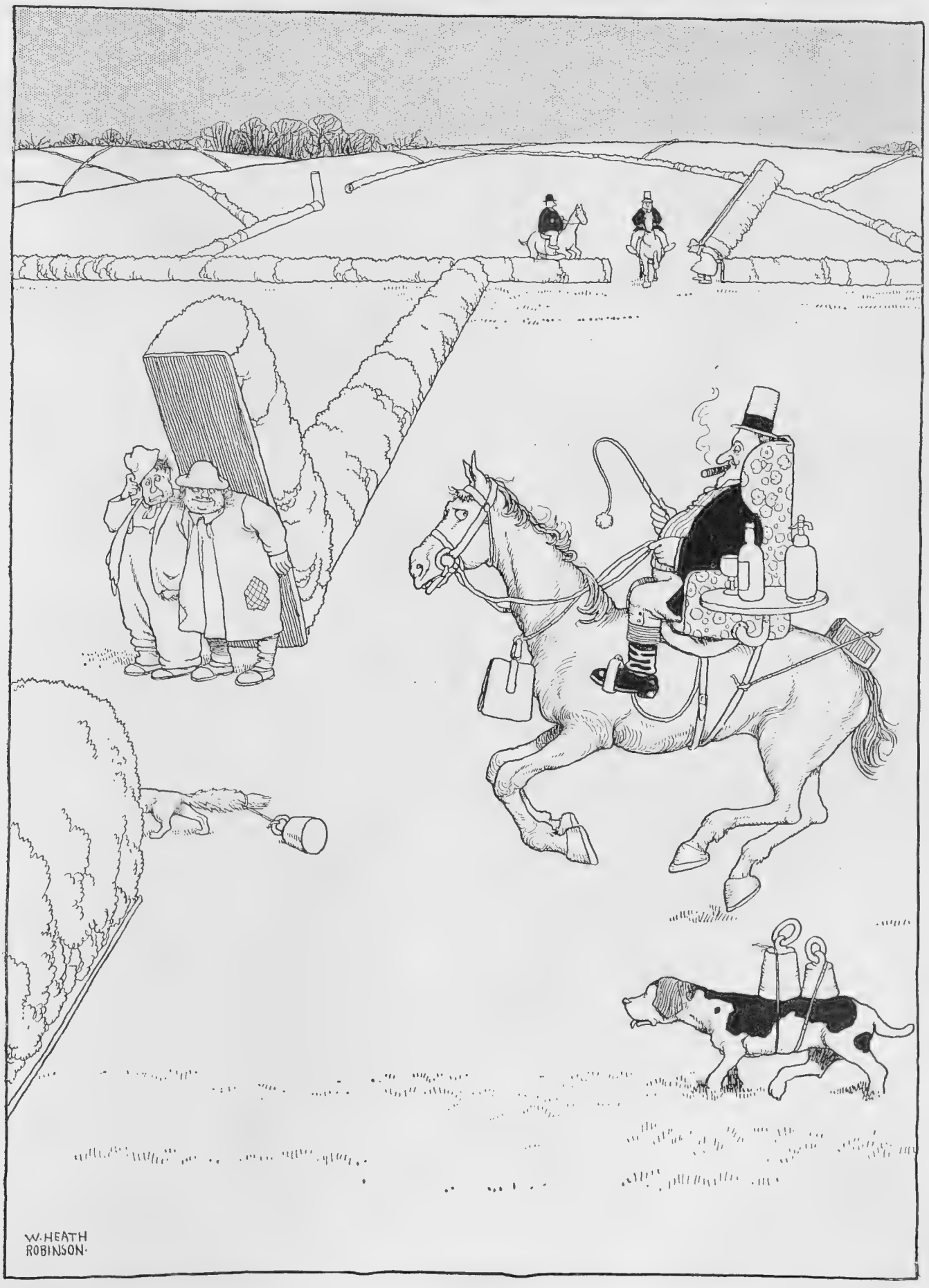
The King of Spain, with the Presidente del Directorio, General Primo de Rivera, on his right; and the chiefs of his Army who now form the new cabinet, photographed at the Royal Palace after the revolution

BESIDES Parisys, however, one may add a word for the Spanish *danseuse* La Argentina, who has merited a brilliant success by her dances, especially one in which she has evoked the atmosphere and the dramatic characteristics of the *corrida*. La Argentina is almost better than ever. That, in fact, might be said about the whole of the Mayol revue.

AND while to allude briefly to the new "shows" one must not omit to mention—for it shall have the special appeal to those English visitors who have been faithful to Paris for many years now — that the Théâtre du Moulin Rouge is soon to be rebuilt. We are promised that the *promenoir* shall have the dimensions "*inconnues jusqu'ici à Paris.*" What memories the mention of that famous *promenoir* can revive. But one must not insist too much on that.

RENÉ

First "Draw" of the Season by Our Artist



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Some new devices for introducing more comfort into fox-hunting, and for keeping down the pace

The "QUORN" Hunting Four

Scarf—Hose—Gloves—Shirt.

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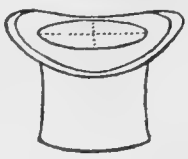

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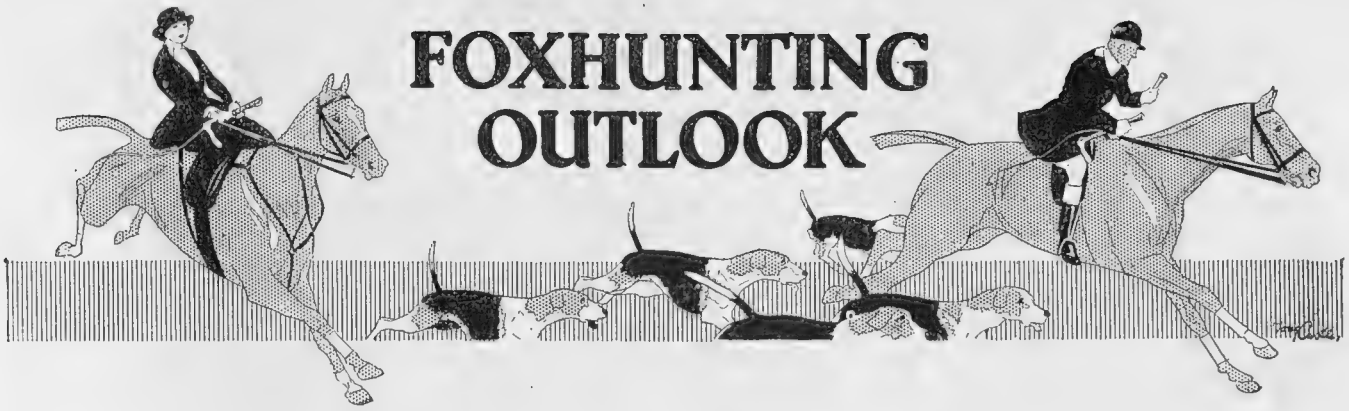

FOXHUNTING OUTLOOK

ANOTHER GOOD SEASON IN PROSPECT.

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Optimism

"It all seems to be going on as usual, and I think we are well off for horses, hounds, and foxes," says the Duke of Beaufort in a note which he kindly sends me regarding the prospects of the hunting season. The same note of optimism appears to prevail everywhere. Last winter things went splendidly for hounds and their followers. The weather was right for the most part. Foxes were plentiful. Nearly every pack had got back to something like pre-war strength, and, above all, there was a serving scent. The results were delightful, and good sport was the order all along the line. "It was the best season that I can remember," declared several experienced huntsmen when the end came. There seems to be no reason to suppose that the coming campaign will not be equally successful.

MR. W. WALKER
The new Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, formerly hunted by the late Lord Ludlow

Back to Normal Lines

We shall be lucky, of course, if we get such open weather as we had last winter. There were then a number of packs which did not lose a single day by frost, snow, or fog, which is surely something of a record. It is too much to expect an exact repetition of those ideal conditions, yet there is certainly no justification for pessimistic forecasts. Cubhunting has started most satisfactorily, and it is already clear that there will be no shortage of hunting material in the majority of countries. Huntsmen for the most part seem to be well satisfied with the young entries they have put forward. Hounds of the best type still command high prices, but there is no longer that excessive shortage of good hounds which followed the end of the War. In other directions, too, the sport has got back to its normal lines, and the coming season will find it in a thoroughly healthy condition.

LIEUT.-COL. G. MIDDLETON
Who has joined Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake in the Old Berkeley country

Bad Times

One of the blots on the hunting landscape is the deplorable slump which has occurred in certain agricultural values. Although the crops are excellent this year in most parts of the country, prices are so low that I fear that many farmers will not be able to come out with hounds as they used to do. This is extremely regrettable, for there is nothing that the average M.F.H. likes more than to see a large proportion of his field made of farmers and their sons and daughters. It is more than ever imperative that followers of hounds should remember that we ride over land which is now owned in many cases by men whose livelihood depends on the results of their labour. They allow us to ride over their property purely out of goodwill. Thus it behoves everybody who goes out with the hounds to refrain from doing needless damage. Bear in mind that a farmer is not enjoying himself when he has to wander

MAJOR J. L. NICKISSON
Who has been elected joint Master of the Old Berkshire Hounds

about collecting stock which have strayed off his land owing to gates being left open and fences broken down.

Farmers' Support

IT is satisfactory to know, however, that in spite of bad times the farmers are still extremely cordial in their attitude towards foxhunting. So much is made clear by the reports I have lately received from many countries. Let me quote a few which I select at random. From the Fernie country a correspondent writes: "There seems to be a good supply of foxes, and the feeling amongst the farmers is most excellent. Wire, of course, has been the trouble, and nowadays must always be the trouble in a bullock-grazing country, but with goodwill and co-operation it is a difficulty that can be got over, and I think we shall have very little anxiety in that respect this year." From the wide-spreading Brocklesby country in Lincolnshire I am told that hunting is "being well supported, as in previous years, by the farming community, many of whom form part of the field." Mr. George Fitzwilliam says that in his country, around Peterborough, the farmers are all keen and enthusiastic, even those who do not hunt themselves.

The Wire Trouble

I AM afraid the wire difficulty will always be with us, though a pronounced improvement in this direction is already to be observed in many districts. In the Avon Vale country I learn that great efforts are being made to get down the wire, which is still too prevalent, notwithstanding that much was taken down last year. From the Cleveland comes this cheery communication: "Very little wire. The farmers subscribed nearly £200 last year, and many of them hunt." From the Crawley and Horsham country it is reported that "wire is being removed in important places by the kind consent of the landowners and farmers." From South Dorset the news is: "Wire coming down, and an excellent spirit prevails throughout the Hunt." The farmers in the Heythrop country are "very keen about foxhunting and help in every way they can; very little wire is to be met with."

Various Reports

EVERYTHING should run smoothly in the Holderness country in view of the fact that "a large number of farmers both come out hunting and support the Hunt." From South Shropshire the complaint comes that "barbed wire is the chief detriment to foxhunting in this country, and difficulty is experienced in getting it removed." No doubt the trouble here, as in so many other quarters, is that in these days of high taxation, landlords are not in a position to put up large quantities of post-and-rail fencing to replace barbed wire. From the Wilton country it is reported that wire on the Downs is increasing owing to the depression in agriculture. Still, most of the farmers are putting in gates or slip rails, so that it will be possible to get about. Several M.F.H.'s ask me to beg of farmers that pieces of rusty barbed wire should not be left hidden in their fences.

Photograph *Sport and General*

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK ENTHUSIASTS

Roma, Shiela, and Ina, the daughters of the Hon. Stanhope and Mrs. Tollemache, at whose Suffolk home, Bentley Manor, the local pack met recently

Fewer Changes

A HEALTHY sign of the well-being of foxhunting is that the number of important changes which have been made since last season is unusually small. Obviously there must for one reason and another always be a certain proportion of resignations every year in a total of more than 200 packs of foxhounds, but it clearly shows that things are going well when so few M.F.H.'s have retired as has been the case this year. In the favoured region known as the Shires there has only been one change of importance. This is in the Fernie country, where

Photograph *Sport and General*

OUT WITH THE SOUTH DORSET

Master T. Hanbury and his brother, sons of Mr. Cecil Hanbury

Mrs. Fernie and Mrs. Walter Faber have retired. With them has gone Arthur Thatcher, perhaps the most brilliant huntsman of his generation. His career ended in a blaze of glory, for last season was full of good things in High Leicestershire.

Lord Stalbridge

THE gap in the Fernie country has been well filled by the appointment of Lord Stalbridge, who has given up the Mastership of the South and West Wilts Hounds in order to take over the Market Harborough pack. He is to be his own huntsman, and there are some who look askance at the prospect of an amateur hunting a Leicestershire pack. But it can be said of Lord Stalbridge that he is one of the best and quickest amateur huntsmen of his day. In Wiltshire he has gained a great reputation, and the chances are that he will add to it in his new country. He will find plenty of foxes there, and the prospects of sport are bright. It is obviously important for an incoming M.F.H. to enjoy the co-operation of those who have preceded him in office, and it is to be hoped that Lord Stalbridge and his Hunt Committee will receive the support to which they are entitled.

Newcomers

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Fernie and Mrs. Faber retired in Leicestershire, and the Marchioness of Bute has given up

Photograph *Norman Hodgkinson*

LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY

Lord and Lady Ancaster's second daughter, snapped at a meet of the Belvoir at Billingborough

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. OATES AND HER TWO SONS

Ready for sport with the Essex and Suffolk Hounds

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS EILEEN BERRY

Youngest, and not the least keen, of the lady M.F.H.'s, with her pack, the Gelligaer Foxhounds

Ladies Blanche and Katharine Beresford have taken over the control of the Waterford Hounds, of which their family have always been great supporters. It is quite like old times to see the pack kennelled again at Curraghmore, and Lord Waterford's sporting sisters are determined to do their best to revive the glories of the Hunt.

Women M.F.H.'s

MRS. T. H. R. HUGHES is still hunting the Neuaddfawr pack in Wales, and says that the prospects of the coming season are fair. Miss Guest, whose father was a famous

(Continued on page 53)

ENCOURAGING YOUTH

Not the least interesting feature of present-day hunting is the keenness with which the younger generation are taking part in the Chase. Crusted old fogies may frown at the presence of the juvenile element in the field, but the boy or girl of to-day will be the hunt subscriber of to-morrow

the Eglinton Hounds, the number of women M.F.H.'s is much about the same as last year. A newcomer is Miss Kathleen Styles, who has been elected to the Mastership of the West Kent pack. These hounds have done well in cubhunting so far, accounting for foxes on each morning they have been out. Coverts would seem to be adequately stocked, and Miss Styles looks like having a successful opening season. In Ireland the

Photograph *Sport and General*

FOLLOWERS OF THE COWDRAY HOUNDS

Lady Katherine Howard (right) and Miss Fremantle at a meet at Arundel Park

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2 GRANDS PRIX
LADIES RIDING BOOTS A SPECIALITÉ

Blackmore Vale M.F.H., continues to hunt her private pack two days a week in Dorset. She has gone in rather extensively for a Welsh cross in her pack, and the result seems to be most satisfactory, her hounds being very musical and full of drive. She is her own huntsman, and so is Mrs. F. K. Simmons, who showed good sport in the Tedworth country last season. Foxes here appear to be fairly plentiful,

Photographs
LORD STALBRIDGE
Whose acceptance of the Fernie Hunt Mastership is one of the most interesting changes of the season

good litters having been found up to date. Gaps are being made in the wire, and the outlook is favourable. The youngest of the women M.F.H.'s is Miss Eileen Berry, who has done remarkably well so far with her pack in South Wales. She looks like having another good season, as cubhunting has shown excellent results. There is an adequate supply of foxes and the hounds are in excellent condition, the young entry being full of promise. Lady Masham goes on with the Bedale, and the outlook is favourable with that Yorkshire pack.

In the Shires

THROUGHOUT the Midland district the outlook may be described as distinctly favourable. With the Quorn, Major A. E. Burnaby and Mr. W. E. Paget are looking forward to another first-class season, subject, as always, to suitable climatic and scenting conditions. "Everything in my country appears to be all right," says Mr. W. J. Baird, the Master of the Cottesmore. Prospects would appear to be equally good in the Belvoir country. With the Pytchley, Major Jack Lowther is now joint Master with his brother, Sir Charles Lowther, and their redoubtable huntsman, Frank Freeman, has put on an excellent lot of young hounds. I am glad to know that Captain George Bellville is fit again after his severe illness last season, and will hunt the Woodland Pytchley again. Prospects are excellent with this pack, foxes being plentiful; and there is little wire in this country.

Grafton and Bicester

THE Grafton young hounds have entered well, cubs are in abundance everywhere, and the outlook is first-rate with Lord Hillingdon's pack. Will Freeman, the huntsman, has quite recovered from the accident which kept him out of the saddle last March. It has been an exceptionally good breeding year for foxes in the Bicester country, where the farmers are living up to their reputation and giving hunting their whole-hearted support. Lord Chesham predicts a successful season, and much is expected of the new huntsman, C. Johnson, who until lately served under Arthur Thatcher, and often proved himself a most capable understudy.

Photograph Poole, Waterford
MISS MARY FANSHAWE
Daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. A. Fanshawe, whose engagement to Lieut.-Col. Eric de Burgh was recently announced. Both are keen foxhunters

In Warwickshire

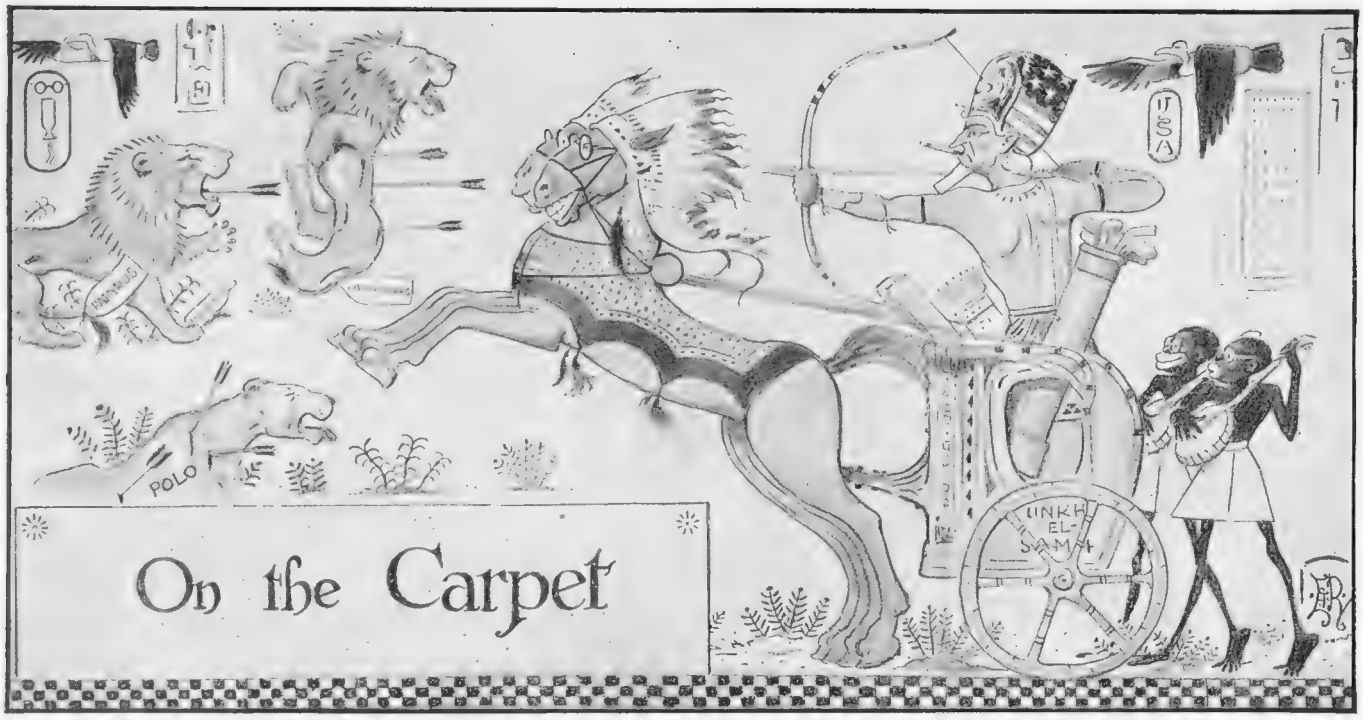
IN the Warwickshire country, Mr. Joshua Fielden will again be hunting two days and B. Champion three days a week. There are plenty of foxes, and prospects are very good, this applying equally to the North Warwickshire country, which has an exceptionally smart entry of young hounds. In the Atherstone, Major B. Hardy joins Major Lyon in the Mastership, and is going to hunt the woodland country. All through the South Western district the chances are of a successful season. Cub-hunting started in good time in the Blackmore Vale, and the entry are showing up well. Houses are in great request by hunting people in this district. On both sides of the Vale of White Horse the outlook is good. From Yorkshire and other northern hunting districts the reports which have reached me are nearly all

W. A. Rouch
MR. A. P. ROBINSON
Who follows Lord Essex in hunting the North Herefordshire country

of a hopeful character. "A fine show of foxes, an excellent entry of young hounds (especially bitches), and no wire," the report which comes from the Zetland, may be taken as typical of the position with the majority of North Country packs.

Royal Foxhunters

LORD LASCELLES is to be again assisted in the Bramham Moor country by his brother, Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, and no doubt Princess Mary will be seen out with the pack this winter. Upon his return from Canada the Prince of Wales is sure to seize every opportunity he can get of seeing sport with hounds, for there is not a more enthusiastic foxhunter. Prince Henry and the Duke of York are also able to hold their own in a fast gallop over the fences, and it is pleasant for veteran foxhunters to see the younger members of the Royal family so devotedly attached to the sport. On the whole, it would seem that the popularity of foxhunting is increasing every season, and in most countries the fields are now back to their pre-war dimensions. A. W. C.



On the Carpet

No. VII—THE HIGH SEASON FOR PAPYRI

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS. *Heading by E. T. REED*

Once more it is upon us. True, Papyrus has gone to America, but that will not check the flow of paragraphs concerning him. And Mr. Howard Carter is off again to Luxor. Papyri are about to be discovered. I feel it in my bones, quite apart from Tutankhamen's.

May I be permitted to call him Tank? In America the most dignified people name him King Tut, but that has too deprecatory a sound for a gentleman who killed lions with arrows from a cross-bow. Perpend particularly the vehicle in which he went lion-hunting, as realistically depicted on the lid of the painted casket found in his shrine, a handy little box in which the young gentleman probably kept his bead collarettes, worn to confound the grasping laundrymen of those days. This chariot may fairly be described as a two-wheeled tank of 2 h.p., the missiles being arrows instead of machine-gun bullets. Hear of him henceforth, therefore, as Tank.

Tank was no coward. How many of us would go lion-hunting with a bow and arrow, even if our chariot were followed by two brave men carrying fly-whisks? And if the picture is to be accepted, Tank was not content with one lion at a time. He is shown as engaging with no less than nine snarling monsters; and each one of them has been pierced with at least one arrow from Tank's bow. As accomplished, therefore, as he was brave.

I once went shooting with a man who emptied six cartridges out of a repeating shot-gun at a savage hare, and I have seen courageous bookmakers knock the stuffing out of the vicious pigeons of Monte Carlo, but I do not know much about hunting. There must be at least one other man in this country suffering from the same disability, because at a recent meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Portlock I heard him hail an elegant youth in hunting pink, and make the following chatty inquiry:

"Hi, sonny, 'ow long before we see the wolf?"

But, ignorant of the subject though I am, I am sure that sticking arrows into nine lions at a time is about as healthy as placing darts into nine bulls simultaneously at the San Sebastian ring. How did the lions behave? Some turned somersaults, some put their tongues out, and one opened his mouth to roar, only to receive an arrow clean between the teeth. A dreadful thought assails me. Can this be an omen picture showing the British lion about to be humiliated by an American thoroughbred?

This particular lion certainly looks Landseerish. He is of the Trafalgar Square breed, and though he has his tail up he must have received his quietus. And what are these that rear up before him in triumph? Two horses, two three-year-olds with unmistakable American accents. You can almost hear them snorting gleefully, "Say bo', ain't we got fun?"

O, Mr. Irish, are you English? When I first heard of you I wondered much concerning your nationality. Being now under the influence of Oriental drama in our theatres, I put you down in the Cast of Life thus:

Ben Irish, an Arab,

Since then I have discovered that you are as British as I am, and I am not very pleased about it, English Mr. Irish

You own a Derby winner, and your idea of gratitude to him is to send him to New York. Now, New York is a great and glorious city, but it is no place for horses accustomed to that equine paradise, Newmarket Heath. A five or six-day ocean trip is no beanfeast for a sensitive specimen of blood-stock like Papyrus, for all the precautions you may take. You love your horse, it may be assumed, but you dissemble that love with extraordinary success.

Do not reflect on the money you may win. The American champion must have its forelegs tied together if Papyrus is to have a chance in the circumstances. But if the utterly improbable happens, and our Derby winner passes the judge first you will not enjoy that swelling of your bank account. You will always have it on your conscience that the beautiful creature which won you the world's most coveted sporting prize was exposed by you to the risk of derision. But perhaps you don't know how the brilliant American Press can deride. You will.

In the meantime, our perfectly splendid Mr. Carter is off after the plural of papyrus, and the tragedy of the singular may be forgotten. I do hope he is successful, but I can't help an uneasy suspicion that when Tank is unwrapped something shockingly modern will be found in one of his pockets, say a packet of common or garden "gaspers." Now wouldn't that be just too disappointing?

Autumn Lawn Tennis at Roehampton

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Just a few of the many enthusiasts who flocked to the Roehampton Club's autumn lawn tennis tournament on hard courts last week. The hard court game is gaining in popularity every year

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Short Prices

GEE! these autumn handicap favourites are touching woefully short prices. As I write, I find Ceylonese quoted at 5 to 1 for the Cesarewitch, Epinard at 6 to 1 for the Cambridgeshire, while in one list I see Pharos at no more than 4 to 1 for the Duke of York Stakes. All this is not much of a compliment to the handicappers, but it would not be a little bit surprising if those gentlemen had the laugh on their side when the races are all over. Frankly, my own idea is that Ceylonese will win the Cesarewitch, but I would rather wait to the day of the race before backing him. I am not a bit tempted by the offer of a beggarly 5 to 1.

Fate of Favourites

MANY backers begin to fancy themselves when the Cesarewitch comes round. It is one of those races in which you are convinced you can reduce the issue to two or three approved stayers. But in the past six years we have seen the favourites persistently bowled over in the Cesarewitch. Sanctum in 1916 was the last red-hot favourite to win it. In the following year Peter Gilpin thought he had something to bet on in Salamanda, but she was down the course, and up popped a long-priced one in Furore. Next came a 25 to 1 chance in Air Raid, who short-headed a supposed good thing in He. Another strong favourite in Golden Melody, found one too good for him in Ivanhoe. Although Bracket was well backed, there were two better favourites in the field in her year. Yutoi was a 100 to 8 chance, that being the occasion on which Reggie Day reckoned he had a certainty in Tishy. Last year Light Dragoon fairly put the lid on by scoring at 100 to 1.

Ceylonese's Chance

I HAVE recalled these few salient details in order to show that to back favourites for the Cesarewitch is not the high road to riches. I suppose I shall be told that by the law of averages it is about time that a favourite did turn up in this race; but exactly the same thing was said about the recent St. Leger, and you know what happened there. It can at least be said of Ceylonese that the stable's intentions regarding him have been everybody's secret all through the year. He ran several times without success in the early part of the season, but people ignored that form. "He is an autumn horse," they said. Long before the Cesarewitch weights were published, Ceylonese was steadily backed, and those who got on him at such prices as 25's and 16's are now on velvet. One cannot get away from the fact that he is well handicapped on last year's form.

Papyrus's Venture

STEVE DONOGHUE has a couple of Cesarewitch successes—Sanctum and Bracket—to his credit, but if, in accordance with present intentions, he sails for New York next week he will, of course, be missing from the race this time. He will be home again, however, in time for the Cambridgeshire. I am glad that he is able, after all, to undertake the trip to America, for it would have removed the last sparkle of interest from the Papyrus match if it had been necessary to find a new jockey for that colt. It seems to be generally expected in this country that Papyrus will fail at Belmont Park. Many harsh things have been said about Mr. Ben Irish because he has entered upon this match, but this phlegmatic Huntingdonshire farmer is entirely unperturbed. It is to be hoped that Papyrus will quickly recover from the effects of the voyage and be in good shape for his effort on the 20th inst.

Mumtaz's Future

THIS week we are at Newmarket again for the first of the autumn meetings at headquarters. When they come round we realise that the end of the season is in sight. It has been a remarkable season in some respects. Mumtaz Mahal has specially contributed towards making it a memorable one. All being well, we shall have another glimpse of this amazing young thoroughbred before the end comes. In all probability she will be called upon to pick up another substantial stake by winning the Imperial Produce Plate at Kempton Park next week. There is nothing in that race which appears capable of extending her. At the Newmarket Second October meeting she holds two engagements—in the Cheveley Park Stakes and the Middle Park Stakes. The chances are that she will give way in the latter race to her stable companion, Diophon, who, like the grey filly, has yet to encounter defeat. But he is undoubtedly a long way inferior to her. People are now wondering whether Mumtaz will win the Derby. That is looking a very long way ahead, and, in any case, it seems almost too much to hope that a filly of such phenomenal speed should stay well enough to win over the severe course at Epsom.

BY "THE TOUT"

W. McLACHLAN

Mr. "Solly" Joel's jockey is another recruit from "down under." At the recent Doncaster meeting this grim, determined little man gave abundant evidence of his skill in the saddle by doing the hat trick for his owner

Jockey Club Stakes

THE big event this week will be the Jockey Club Stakes on Thursday. Both Tranquil and Silurian are engaged here, and though the former is heavily penalised, she would certainly have a big following if called upon to repeat her Doncaster triumph. We also find Apron, Top Gallant, Triumph, Inkerman, and Ellangowan in the entry. I am confident that either of Lord Derby's representatives could successfully give weight to this lot. I shall make **Tranquil** my selection, and in her absence I depend on SILURIAN. We are likely to see several of the prominent Cambridgeshire candidates during the week. **Cos,** for example, may run for and win the Triennial Stakes on Wednesday. The October Handicap, on the same afternoon, may go to **Highbrow.** On the following day I fancy **Widow Bird** for the Clare Handicap, while on Friday the Norwich Handicap may go to Mr. S. B. Joel's selected candidate.

BY ELSA COURLANDER

Diana the huntress, elusive and chaste, has come down the ages in various guise, but at heart has remained ever the same. Chaste she has always been. And to our certain knowledge she has not been caught yet!

BEST of SPORTS

FOUR-FOOTED, SINGLE-HEARTED PARTNERS

BY "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

SPORT! Never in history was it of greater value to Britain and to the world than at this moment, when the machinery of civilisation which evolved it is facing threats of disruption, perils of chaos and destruction, more numerous than ever before!

That was the gist of a sermon from our village church pulpit last Sunday; and I wished it could have been heard in Westminster Abbey—if that's where the statesmen go.

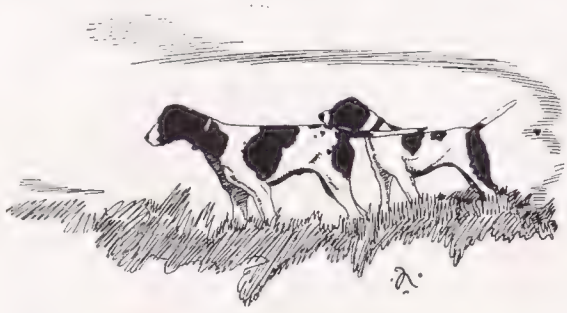
"There are some guiding principles, thank God," said the *padre*, "that in this country are common to our princes and our poorest lads, to our street urchins, no less than to Eton and Harrow. 'Oh, be a Sport!' 'Oh, play the game!' Doesn't the same exhortation from his companions shape the conduct of the lad bred in cottage, slum or palace? Could anything possibly be better for the race and for the world? Let us be careful to do nothing to weaken so clean and wholesome and stimulating a guiding principle as that which we derive from Sport."

One couldn't cheer the *padre* out loud, but inside——yes. Pretty sound pulpiteering, wasn't it?

I submit that no other community contributes so much toward, or shares so truly and intimately in our Sport, as the Dog community. No, I decline to except the horse, for I claim that the Dog contributes more than he does, enters into a larger field of Sport, shares it with us more fully, intimately and keenly.

As a racing man or woman you doubt it? Well, with every deference, you're wrong. To-day's Wednesday, and to-morrow will be Thursday, as ever was. Preferably to-day, steer for the Crystal Palace, and make a real study of the finest, most important Dog Show in the world; the Kennel Club's 62nd annual. You will find there the finest living specimens of half a hundred officially recognised "sporting varieties" of Dogs, and of another thirty or forty varieties among whom the sporting instinct counts for as much as it does among ourselves.

In the Hound section you will naturally give some time to the Foxhounds, and if your study of 'em brings



"SPORTS"

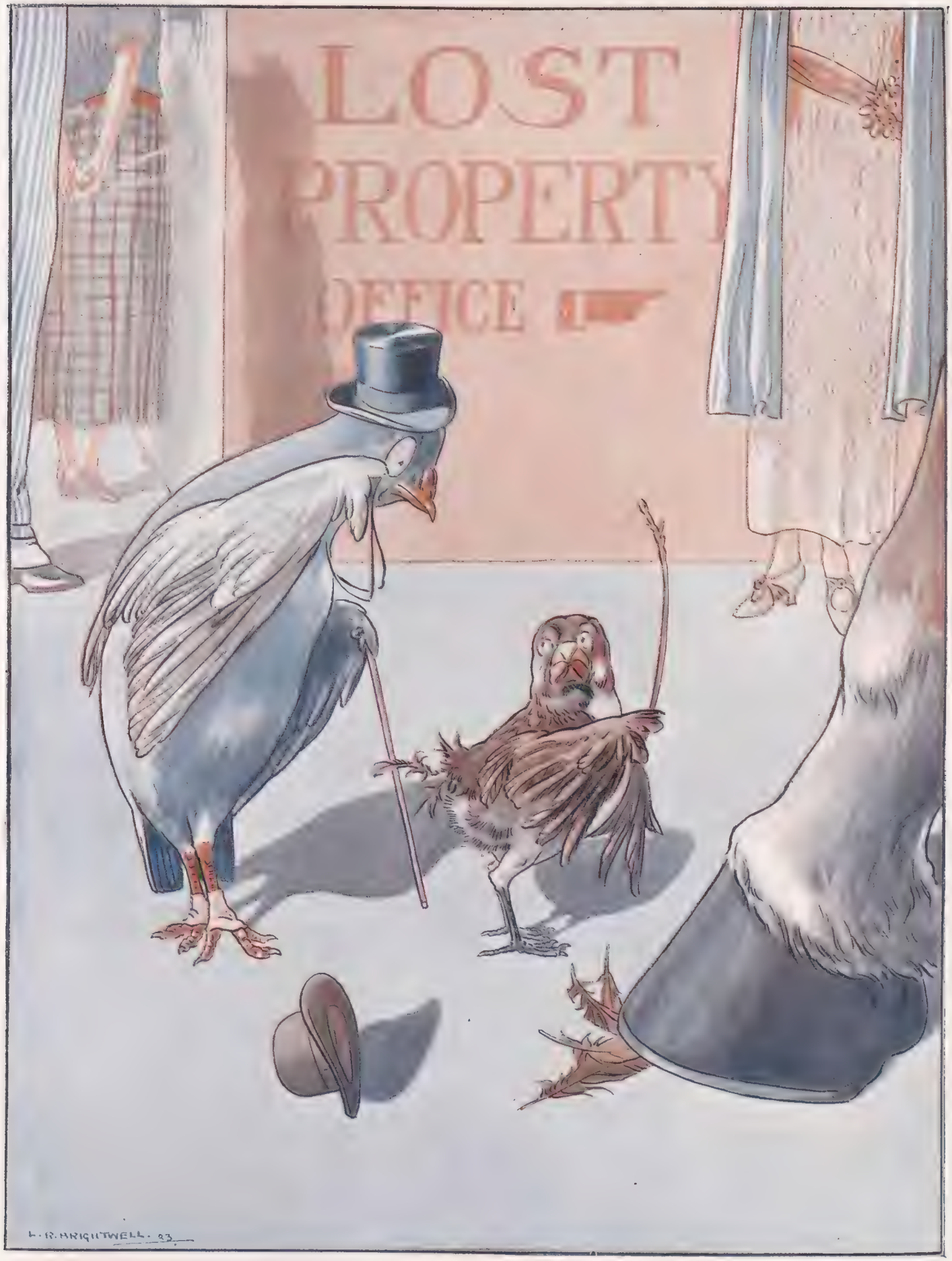
understanding you will recognise in the Foxhound one of the most perfectly complete, adequate and efficient products of systematic evolution that the world has to show. But don't fancy for a moment that, among the Dog-folk, sporting proficiency and efficiency are confined to any of our different noble varieties of Hounds. Read Pierce O'Conor's *Terriers for Sport*; consider the amazing efficiency and growing popularity of the Race-Dog, or Whippet, the many varieties of Gun-Dogs—sportsmen to the marrow of their bones, and as satisfyingly competent and efficient as the "Old Regular," whose rifle practice in '14 made the Germans think he was operating Emma-Gees—are worth a lifetime's study; and among what are technically known as the "Non-Sporting" varieties, believe me you'll be hard put to it to find Dogs who, in the hearts and fibre of them, are not just as *pukka* sportsmen as the best of your human friends. (Despise not the miscalled "Toy," for quite often he's as keen a sport as any who ever read the *Pink 'Un*.)

Some of the most fascinating sport to be found in England to-day remains as yet unknown to the majority, though it is gradually widening its reach—again, thanks to the Dog-folk. For example, last month's Hound Trailing, all through the northern counties; and the enthralling Sheep-dog Trials. Lord Ailesbury is arranging Bloodhound Trials for this month, near Hull, and others, farther south, for later on. Think of the sport in all the different Field Spaniel and other Gun-Dog Trials!

Beagling, Otter-hunting, Badgers, the Harriers, the Staghounds—unforgettable Exmoor!—ratting, the keenly competing sport of the Show Ring itself——But space fails for cataloguing. From the full-dress Fox-hunt to the casual stroll through the spinneys toward sunset, after bunnies, are not the best, cleanest, jolliest of all sports intimately shared and devotedly served by our Dog pals? And if the *padre* was right, as I'm very sure he was, in saying that Sport was never more valuable or important to mankind than now, then hats off, I say, to the First Friend, four-footed but single-hearted, who, albeit possessed of a tail, never turns it when game's afoot, but who, win or lose, knows no other tactic than running straight and fighting cleanly to a finish!

He drew upon a fairly rich fund of practical experience who wrote: "And quite apart from these more serious aspects, you shall find the very sublimated essence of sport, too, as its most intelligent devotees understand it, in the breeding of dogs." I have found that very true, and while their own special enthusiasts argue as to which is more truly the "sport of kings," here I fancy, is a pursuit you might as justly call sport for gods. The subject is too large and many-sided for me to deal with here "in full practical detail," as more than one correspondent suggests; but to all such I should like warmly to commend one or two fascinating and illuminating little books which I think can be obtained at small cost from *Our Dogs* Publishing Company, Manchester. Notable among these are *Theory and Practice of Breeding to Type*, by C. J. Davies; *Principles of Dog-Breeding*, by "Great Dane"; the late Sir Everett Millais's *Two Problems of Reproduction*; and last year's justly acclaimed standard, *Everybody's Dog Book*.

Birds About Town



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

AT THE HORSE SHOW

BILL (*dubiously*): "Think it's any good applyin' there, Perce?"

The Burning Monument

THE other day his Lordship said to me: "Jenkyn, some time in the future—I sincerely hope a far distant future—when you are finally demobilised from this earthly planet, your many friends will want to rig up a monument to you."

Well, sir, I'm not exactly thinking of dying yet, but, if I do die—which is very probable—my monument shall be in the mouths of all smokers of really good cigarettes.

A sort of perpetual pyre, as it were, sir, to the memory of the butler, Jenkyn—a burnt-offering to the everlasting good quality of Kensitas.

However, sufficient for the day, and I am very much alive at the moment looking after your good Kensitas and seeing that they are always—"as good as really good cigarettes can be."

Jenkyn

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Have You Got an Allergen?

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *October* 1

DEAR COUSIN—

USED to talk about chill October, I b'lieve some of the ancient poets did. And called it a melancholy month, and all that sort of thing. 'Magine it!

卐

MUST have been overstaying their time a bit at the Margates and Bognors of the day, methinks. And got

"Profiteers who tell us to forget the war"

thoroughly depressed by seeing half-empty hotels and places all around 'em, and deserted promenades and desolate piers and boats drawn up on the beach and bathing-huts all tucked carefully away, etcet. Which is certainly not altogether conducive to festive joy and reckless merriment, I grant you.

卐

AND then, I s'pose, too, they hadn't invented yet then even half the d'lightful ways *we* have of spending these autumn days. When the nip in the air only makes all the lovelier and more tinglingly 'citing that round of golf on the soft dew-spangled grass, with golden-brown trees as background, or over springy down-land turf that swells and dips in sight of a sparkling blue-green, green-grey sea.

卐

OR stirring sets of lawn tennis on a crisp, hard court under a bright clear sun that doesn't ever melt you to a limp rag and burn you to a frazzle. Or shooting parties over those so mysteriously fascinating and intoxicating moors, whose "sweet, harsh scent whispers to moorland men in all strange lands where they go," as Miss Storm Jameson puts it in her wonderful new book, *The Pitiful Wife*. Which is all about the loves and quarrels and troubles of two charming young things, and 'specially that big, eternal problem of the lover whose fancy strays, and should or shouldn't the woman forgive him and take him back?

卐

SEEMS to be yet another of our autumn sports, that, by the way—bringing out new books, I mean. Simply thousands of 'em pouring out 'tween now and end of next month, so they tell me—Joseph Conrad, Hugh Walpole, John Galsworthy, W. B. Maxwell, Warwick Deeping—all the best, *and* the rest. Even the great Sir Hall and the great Marie Corelli emerging once more from their fastnesses, so to speak, to contribute *their* little quota—so no sort of lack of nice soul-inspiring reading

"The modern girl"

"That round of golf"

for those dark October evenings, anyway—what?

卐

OCTOBER . . . how could anyone ever call it melancholy, even in the benightedest of old days, with a name like that, for one thing? Sounds all rich and ripe and glowing and mellow, doesn't it? And makes you think ('specially if you happen to be in town yourself) of great, round, rosy apples and tankards of d'licious Devonshire cider, and long walks through yellowing avenues in clear, thin air, and starry, clean, moon-washed nights, and the cheery crackling of logs on the vast open farmhouse hearth. . . .

卐

WHILE, here in London now, 'pears to be the sign and signal for all manner of mirth and revelry in the world *où l'on s'amuse*—though, of course there *is* another one as well. 'Cluding, alas! two million or so unemployed, and they say there'll be another million at least by the time winter comes. Close on half of them ex-service men, too. And yet the profiteers and people keep on telling us we ought to forget all about the War! Hardly quite possible, even if we wanted to, is it, while *that* goes on?

卐

AFORESAID profiteers seem to be still carrying on quite nicely, thank you, by the way, what with prices of food going up, again, for one thing, this last quarter, though 'cording to the experts it *ought* to be cheaper than it ever has been for simply years and years. And meanwhile the very latest thing in committees wants to cut down Army *and* Navy pay in chunks—just to show how peaceful we all are

these days, I s'pose. Verily, as W. H. Davies, the poet, saith—

Peace makes more slaves than savage war

HAVE you got an Allergen, by the way? Quite *the* thing of the moment, like red shoes or fur-bordered frocks, and if you don't possess at least one you're a veritable also-ran, a flat tyre, a fit morsel for the moths. No, *not* a new kind of hound, it isn't, 'stead of an Alsatian or a Peke. Fearf'ly serious and scientific. Just the very latest from Harley Street, in fact.

IT'S something to which you are "specially sensitive." In other words, that you simply can't bear, and that makes you come over all queer to be even in the same room with. Spiders for some, f'rinstance, or cats, or milk puddings. Make people really physically ill, their Allergens do, so the doctors have discovered, and it's terribly bad for them to have 'em anywhere around.

FEEL I'm being right bang in the middle of the mode and the forefront of fashion meself, so to speak, 'cos I've got pos'tively a whole handful, bunch, flock or drove of 'em. 'Cluding, to start off—

(1) Boiled cod.
(2) Flannel nighties.
(3) Last year's hats.
(4) Ferns in hammered copper pots.
(5) The poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
(6) People who tell you how tired you're looking.
(7) Hotel drawing-rooms.
(8) East winds.
(9) Bills.

Not a bad little list just to be going on with—what?

NOT sure I oughtn't to add to it right away, though, the kind of people who are always telling us how dreadful and awful and hateful "modern girls" are. 'Cept that they really *are* so fearf'ly funny about it all the time. Our only accomplishments, 'cording to one, for example, are smoking cigarettes and drinking cocktails, and we "cheapen ourselves" by smoking in restaurants and "lower our self-respect," and all the time seems we're only doing it 'cos we "imagine men like it!" Fair witherer and crusher that last-named effort, *n'est ce pas?*

HEEDLESSLY carrying on, though, spite of our stern advisers, quite a lot of us seem to be, and recklessly enjoying ourselves with all the (doubtless) wicked revelries of this October London of to-day. Where the purveyors of pleasure keep on working overtime and inventing fresh ones, and even provided last week a perfectly good new

Thé dansants at Murray's

theatre down Holborn way—with rumours of others to follow. The Embassy, this one's called (no connection with Luigi's little Bond Street home, I b'lieve), and gives you a mixture of films and musical show after the mode of the new Tivoli.

AND this week there's to be the new Blue Bird show from Russia at the Scala, in the Chauve Souris style, and a new super-band at the Savoy called the Orpheans, which is going to give us, *on dit*, something quite new in the way of dance rhythms. And tea-dances have started once more in that famous long room at Murray's, and the Metropole Follies will be opening again soon. . . . Not much chill melancholy about October as lived in this little old burg, anyway.

TALKING of theatres—where there were four first nights last week, and lots more to come—simply terrific heart stirrings and searchings and agitatings and debating just now on the great and burning topic . . . to boo or not to boo. The anti-boo party, with Mr. Seymour Hicks as C.-in.-C., declaring that it isn't fair and they'll be quite cross if it goes on and, anyway, it doesn't make any difference or hurt the play, 'cos no one takes any notice of such nasty rude people. While the pro-booers, with their hands on their hearts, say they only boo 'cos they've simply got to or bust, and it'd be very much worse for everyone concerned if they didn't get it off their chests.

CAN'T help sympathising with both sides in a way, you know, myself. Must be perfectly horrid for managers and actors and people to hear loud hoots coming from the gallery when they've been doing their dashedest. And same time, almost beyond human endurance for the "passionate ill-informed mob," as Winston once called 'em, to hear thunders of applause all round at what they don't like a little bit, without registering in their own little way that the play's one of *their* Allergens, or words to that effect.

STORMS of excitement, too—in the papers—'bout the fearful dangers and so on of the revival of the hobble skirt. Awf'ly thrilling, of course—only thing being that no one seems to be dreaming of reviving it! Not a ghost or a *soupçon* of a hobble at either Lucile's or Paquin-Phelps's dress shows last week, *par exemple*—and *they* ought to know *something* about it. Though cert'nly some *rather* startling new Paris evening frocks with backs cut right down, down to—but hush. . . . As they say in *The Beauty Prize*, "Remember there are gentlemen present!"

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

OUR NEW
£500 Competition

Full details of our new Stage Favourites' Election Competition to discover WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR ACTOR OF THE DAY will be announced in the next number of "The Bystander."

As in the recent Most Popular Actress Competition, which proved so enormously successful, there will be £500 in cash prizes for our readers.

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P. 177

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

HARROVIANS' NEW HEAD

The Hon. S. A. Maxwell, Lord Farnham's heir, who has recently succeeded to the responsible position of Head of Harrow School

Photograph *I. B.*

ONE TO MAJOR F. B. HURNDALL (British Army)

Who is here seen making a difficult hit at full stretch which scored a spectacular goal in the second of the three Polo matches between officers of the British and American armies on the famous Meadowbrook ground in New York. It was a "best-of-three" encounter, and the British army won this match, after losing the first

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE UPTON-WAY

Mr. Lewis Upton-Way playing a salmon in the Black Stream on the river Ness at the foot of Ness Castle in Inverness-shire where excellent sport has been enjoyed of late

Photograph *I. B.*

IN HARNESS AGAIN

S. W. Harris, the Blackheath and English International "Rugger" threequarter, tackled by W. H. Earles in the Blackheath Club's first match of the season against Rosslyn Park. It was also Harris's first match since his disablement when playing for "the Club" soon after his return from South Africa last season

Photograph *Sport and General*

MAX MARSTON

Winner of the Amateur Golf Championship of America. He beat Jesse Sweetser (the holder) in the final at the 38th hole after a great match, in which Sweetser was two up at the end of the first eighteen holes

Photograph *A. W. Fielden*

"MA MIE" WINS AGAIN.

The crack boat, owned by Mr. A. W. Horton, of the "B" class on the lower Thames. She is here seen winning a race recently held by the Tamesis Club in Teddington Reach.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE FIRST LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF ESSEX

Group of the players who competed for it over the course of the Romford Golf Club on the Tuesday and Wednesday last week. Miss Marjorie Parkinson (Thorpe Hall), headed the list in the qualifying competition on the first day, and went on to win the championship on the second

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS MARJORIE PARKINSON

First winner of the ladies' golf championship of Essex, inaugurated at Romford last week. She beat Miss Pitts, of Chelmsford, in the final by 7 and 5

RUGGER RAGGINGS

HOPES AND FEARS

By "PENDARVES"

THE Rugger season opens invariably in a state of pessimism bordering on panic. Dear old gentlemen, who got their "caps" in the reign of Queen Victoria, and have been recognised (by Association football-playing editors) as authorities on the Rugby game ever since, write mournfully of the loss to England of Mutt and Jeff, the great halves; and of the general ravaging of the English ranks because So-and-So is too old at thirty to play any more class football. They say things like "We shall have to look far afield before we can replace Mutt, and the brilliant inspiration and generalship of Jeff is not found twice in a generation of the game."

What other half-backs say on reading this kind of stuff one can't very well print, though one hears it often enough. I have heard this dirge of words from these gouty pessimists ever since I was old enough to be thrown heavily into touch by bigger men than myself. When you read columns about "England's jeopardy" at the beginning of a season you are awfully inclined to "reminisce" yourself. It is a catching habit that, with its "Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade" refrain. In fact, I am longing to write now things like "I can remember the time when. . . ."

But THE BYSTANDER is a modern, optimistic paper, and I dare not. What nonsense it is. I would wager that long before our first International this season — against Wales on January 19—there will be a plethora of successors to the famous, about whom literary authorities will write panegyrics of praise. It is ever thus. Do you remember Adrian Stoop? (I must hark back for a moment. I can't resist it.) How he inspired such confidence in English teams that the battle was half won, as it were, while the sides were changing. How he started the rout of Wales at Twickenham in 1912 by receiving the ball from the Welsh forward who kicked off, and slinging it out to his threequarters, who scored in the first half minute or so, when thirty thousand people were expecting him to find touch in the orthodox way. I nearly fell over the front row of the grand stand on that occasion, so great was the excitement. And yet you only dimly recollect him. The glamour has gone. The only useful purpose that he serves now, in the mind of a fickle public, is that he sits on the Selection Committee, and has there become the target of our thoughtless criticism.

Then there is the quaking anticipation of the man who was buried alive last season in the tomb of the "A" team and hopes in the practice game for due recognition and promotion. What he goes through in the dressing-room, on the sultry late September afternoon, only those of us who have been in like case can appreciate. Bloods of last year's First XV stroll in very late, and while disrobing leisurely discuss the probable composition of the Fifteen for the season, and he hears no mention of himself. He also probably hears, "No good looking in the A; they're a hopeless lot. . . ."

He is also more than likely to hear that the place he has coveted in the threequarter line has been filled securely and cemented down by the arrival of Blogg, one of last year's trial men, who has been coerced hither from some other club. It is not a happy afternoon for anyone, being filled with little hope and much fear.

But most pitiable of all is the plight of the young man who has just joined the club. He has come to London with a great reputation from school. During the two football terms at school, he had only to walk along the Quad to have third form fags shrinking against the walls in trepidation at the passing of the mighty. School twenties and house matches were his domain by right, and touch lines sang his name in throaty trebles. Here it is very different. All the players in this club, before the practice game, look enormous Norsemen. They ignore him utterly—except one, a kindly soul, who says in a tone which implies a command, "Chuck that bag of mine over here, young 'un." *Young 'un!* This is the term he has been applying to half the world up to now. He is a half-back, too, a scrum half. If more than two of these colossal forwards fall on to him in the loose he will never rise again, that is certain.

Moreover, and worst sight of all, there are newspaper reporters by the dozen in the front row of the stand, as the teams come out—all with note-books and telephones at their side and keen, critical faces. He feels certain there will be half a column in the Sunday papers devoted to the fallacy of allowing raw schoolboys to participate in famous club football with tried men . . . it is awful.

What he sees next morning is merely a short paragraph on the Whiteheath Trial Game, concluding with a sentence, "They have got some young blood from the schools, who should shape well in time, particularly Brown, from Barchester (that's him), who has a nice turn of speed, but lacks experience, of course. . . ."

Then is he whole again—until next Saturday.

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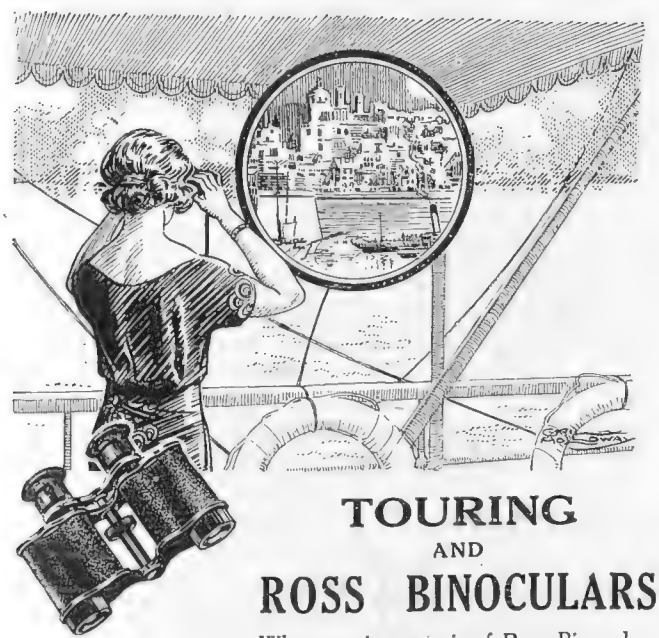

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The Best Advice in the World

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UGLY DISTENDED PORES are refined, and skin greasiness remedied, by washing with Valaze Open Pore Paste, and applying a few drops of Valaze Liquidine, a famous and unique lotion that leaves the skin fresh, clear, and matt. Prices from **2/6** and **5/6** respectively.

A "WRINKLE" ABOUT WRINKLES. Wrinkles are not always signs of age. Illness, outdoor sport, fatigue, skin-dryness cause wrinkles unless proper care is taken. Two particularly valuable Valaze anti-wrinkle specifics are Valaze Perfection Cream and Valaze Skin Tonic, their use ensuring possession of a soft, unwrinkled skin. Prices **5/6** and **5/-** respectively.

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FACIAL CONTOUR and double-chin. Valaze Roman Jelly braces up relaxed muscles, daily improving the shape of the face. For double-chin choose Valaze *Reducine* Jelly, which acts directly on fatty deposits beneath the skin. Price **4/6** each.

Ageing, strained faces—those wrinkled, marred by unwanted hair, unsightly warts or moles—with youthful contour blurred or lost, with discoloured, spotty, open-pored complexions, are restored to glowing good looks and charm in the spacious VALAZE treatment rooms.

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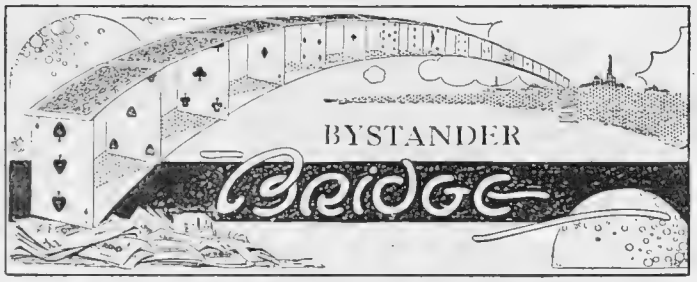

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

COUNTING HANDS

It is in counting the hands that the good player has his advantage over the mediocre. Counting the hands is a process with which every Whist player is familiar. It consists in forming deductions and inferences as to how the cards are placed in the various hands. This may sound very difficult. It is difficult at Whist because the knowledge can only be gleaned in the course of play. But at Auction Bridge it is very much easier. The bidding and the exposure of Dummy are immense helps.

. . . . . .

And yet I know lots of regular Club Bridge players who never make an effort to count the hands. They play the cards well enough so far as they see them. But they never get any further. A piece of play that would be obvious enough to a really good player is a sealed mystery to them.

"I could not possibly tell, partner," they say. And one generally leaves it at that, because it is too lengthy and wearing a process to start explaining to them how they could have told.

. . . . . .

Good players are sometimes credited with some uncanny intuition. I heard it said of one that, "he plays as if he can see through the back of the cards. He seems to know exactly what his opponents have got." But this knowledge of what your adversaries hold is not the result of any psychic sense. It is a matter of observation, deduction, and memory.

It is a habit of taking mental notes which are registered by the memory and used when the right time comes. It grows with practice.

"Oh, but," you may say, "I could never do that kind of thing. It is beyond me altogether." Nothing of the kind. It is not "beyond" anyone who plays bridge at all. Let me show you how easy it is from a few simple examples.

. . . . .

You are playing a no-trumper. The opponent on your left opens the 2 of Spades. You can at once start counting his hand. The deuce of Spades is obviously the fourth highest of his longest suit. You therefore know (1) that he holds four spades only; (2) that he has no suit of five cards in his hand; (3) that he does not hold three honours in any four suit; (4) that he probably has a poor hand; (5) that his cards are probably divided: 4, 4, 3, 2, or 4, 3, 3, 3, or 4, 4, 4, 1.

. . . . .

Now you have a basis, at the very outset, and a very useful basis on which to work. With the aid of Dummy and your own hand, after a few rounds of play, you should be able to deduce almost exactly what cards he has, and in which suits he is short. And all this from what I once described as the "tell-tale two."

. . . . . .

Then take the bidding. An opponent has gone "two spades" and you have secured the contract with "three Hearts." What do you know? First of all that he has got in all probability at least six Spades. He may have other good cards as well, but if neither he nor his partner have advanced the bidding, it is fairly certain that they have not much outside strength. Further, it is probable that he is short in Hearts, so it is better to finesse against him than against your other adversary. Keep the figure six in your mind. Count up Dummy's hand, and your own, and as the play proceeds you will find you *know* quite a lot of the contents of your opponents' hands. Not guess work but knowledge.

. . . . . .

A bid of "One" means probably a suit of five at least. A first bid of "Three" should mean seven at least. A bid of "Two" over a no-trumper means five at least.

Think how helpful it is when you *know* that an opponent has five, six or more of a certain suit, and how that piece of knowledge enables you, as the game proceeds, to count the rest of his hand. At trick eight, when there are five cards left in each hand, you may be able to say to yourself "A has no Clubs, but he has two Spades. He can have only one Diamond and therefore he has two Hearts."

You must make these mental notes at the time of play. It is no use trying to think back in the middle of the hand. From every card played you must try to make a deduction.

. . . . . .

A reader sends me the following hand. His partner Z dealt himself:

S—A, K, 10, 9, 6, 2
H—J, 10
D—J, 4
C—J, 5, 3

and called "Three Spades." All passed. My correspondent writes: "I gave him quite a good hand consisting of—

S—J, 3
H—K, Q, 9, 4
D—Q, 5, 3
C—Q, 10, 9, 4

He went down 150 points. What do you think of his call?"

. . . . .

In my opinion it was not a good "three Spades" call. I think the correct bid on it was "One Spade." He would probably have been left in with that, but if not, his opponents could not have done much harm in any call. The play was: A opened King, Ace of Clubs, and a third Club which was ruffed by B. A and B then made two Diamond tricks, Ace of Hearts, and, finally, Queen of Spades, seven tricks in all.

This was certainly unlucky for the declarer. But I cannot agree that a pre-emptive bid of three of a suit is good with six only to the Ace, King. With six to the Ace, King, Queen it is justifiable, or with a suit of seven or more.

These first hand pre-emptive bids are an obsession with many players, and the more I see of them the less I like them. The hands on which a pre-emptive bid should be made originally are few and far between.

By Victor Hicks

THE ANCIENT HAT TRICK

Our sartorial sleuth-hound has informed us, on the highest crowned (hat) authority, that top-hats will be most popular with M.P.'s during the coming session. We understand that these estimable examples of convention place no serious obstacles in the way of speech

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14

Femina

THE PROBLEM OF THE STAIRS

By MRS. M. VINCE

I RECEIVED the other day a list of the points on which a maid wished to be satisfied before she would take a situation. One of them was that the drawing-room must be on the ground floor.

WILL our maids in the end compel us to give up houses altogether, and, if we cannot have bungalows, to live in flats? I am afraid that this is what we are coming to. A little while ago the chief bugbear was the outside flight of steps to clean—even though the higher this flight, the lighter was the basement. Now, in the increasingly long list of things which maids demand, the absence of stairs inside is becoming more and more important.

EVER since the end of the war, the work of converting big houses into flats has been going on, and very unsatisfactory flats most of them are, in spite of a great deal of ingenuity spent on them, and the very high rents asked for them. Successfully to convert the ordinary big London house into flats is an almost impossible task. But it was, and still is, the only way to meet the shortage of houses in the centre of London, and to get rid of a type of house which has rapidly become obsolete, since it is too large and requires too many servants for people with moderate incomes to be able any longer to keep up.

BUT what of the little houses? When is their turn coming? They, too, have their problem which only conversion can solve, and their problem is the stairs. London has plenty of little houses with eight or ten rooms—houses which still have fairly moderate rents and can be managed with one or two maids. But they are high houses, with three or four storeys and a basement, two rooms to each floor. They were built in the days before there were flats, when mistress and maid both accepted stairs as an inevitable part of any house. But now it is difficult to get maids to live in them. It is true that there is a slight reaction against flats. Maids who have tried them realise that they have their disadvantages. In the house, at any rate, they have one floor to themselves during the day and another to themselves at night, even though the one is a basement and the other an attic. In the flat there is only one room, a kitchen-scullery, probably very small. Not a few of them are so small—especially in converted houses—that one can stand in the middle and touch all four walls. Even the little house, on the other hand, has a good-sized kitchen, a scullery, and very often a small sitting-room, which even a maid who hates a basement and longs for a flat will still proudly speak of as "the servants' hall."

FLATS will never have "servants' halls," but not even a servants' hall seems now able to compensate for five flights of stairs. And, on the whole, one cannot help sympathising with the maids, even though they are literally turning us out of our houses.

THAT is why I think that this laborious and expensive business of conversion will still go on. When all the big houses, in which nobody now wants to live, have been turned each of them into four or five or six oddly shaped flats, the converters will give their attention to the little houses in which we should be very glad to continue to live, if only our maids would let us.

THERE is one thing about the little houses. They will probably convert into much more convenient flats than the big houses, because they already have rooms of the right size. There will be no enormous dining-rooms and drawing-rooms to divide up into two or three small, lopsided rooms. It will, in fact, be a work of converting houses, and not of converting rooms, for it will be done by taking three or four small houses, as many, in fact, as there are storeys, and dividing them off horizontally, instead of vertically. I am thinking now of the house in which I live myself. It has three storeys, if we leave out the basement and attic, and with the houses on either side would divide into three very comfortable six-room flats. Two of them, in fact, could be larger, for the attics would go with the top flat and some of the basement would go with the ground-floor flat.

IN such conversions the stairs—we come back to the stairs again—would be the chief difficulty, but it would not be impossible to overcome. It would be necessary to have the rooms communicating, as they do in so many flats abroad, and by doing this one could make out of these little houses very attractive flats.

M. V.

A CHARMING DANCER FOR LONDON'S NEW CLUB

Madame Ileana Leonidoff-Massera, prima ballerina at the Royal Opera House, Rome, who is giving a series of dances from her repertoire to members of the Regent's Park Country Club and their friends to-night (October 3rd). Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia, who are supervising the new club, appear to be successfully achieving that very difficult task of combining the amenities of a country club with the delights of a dinner-cum-dance resort of a most chic order

TWO OF THE GREENLEAF PLAYERS

Miss Joan Rayner and Mr. Douglas Grover in a folk-song scena "The Soldier and the Girl." The gallant band of strolling players who form the personnel of the Greenleaf Theatre have just concluded their second annual Summer School in Hampshire. Founded in 1915, this outdoor Theatre Company forms a clever school of minstrelsy, rhythm and gesture, and their performances are redolent of the "out-of-doors"

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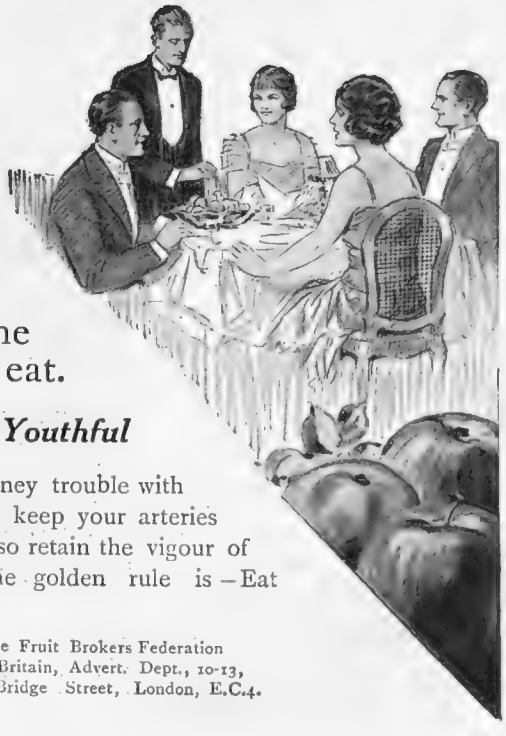

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THE LITERARY LOG

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I CANNOT help thinking that the ladies will be wroth with Mr. Norman Davey after reading his new novel, *Good Hunting* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). They may accuse him of drawing exaggerated pictures of their sex, they may complain that his hero is the most unheroic and unlikeable hero ever born to break feminine hearts, and they may assert—with some truth—that he has deliberately chosen to shut his eyes to the more romantic side of love and concentrated his attention upon its more physical aspects. Yes, I fancy they will call him all sorts of names. And even his masculine readers will be inclined to think that his outlook would be a little too one-sided were it not for that section of his book which is printed in italics and entitled *ultra vires*, and the delicious chapter which tells of his peculiar hero's actual marriage at the age of fifty-five.

❀

THE stories, as Mr. Davey admits, are no more than variations upon a single theme, which is to say that several young ladies are attempting, unsuccessfully, to secure this Mr. Julian Carr for their lawfully wedded husband. The ladies are of all sorts and descriptions, and some of them certainly deserve the name of forward minxes. Indeed, their behaviour is sometimes highly scandalous, though not nearly so scandalous as that of their devoted parents, who are looking forward to a "brilliant" marriage. The trouble is that for such studies as these the hero cannot be a *nice* man or anything like it, and Mr. Davey is hard put to it to make him understandable. In fact, without that final chapter it would be difficult to believe in him at all. The story of his marriage, however, makes a great difference, for only then does his real character appear. And so you read on through these naughty pages and admire Mr. Davey's daring and wicked brilliance, and wonder what all your friends will say about it all. Personally, I enjoyed the book, though I was often wishing that some great brute of a brother would come along and give Mr. Carr either "a piece of his mind," or, better, something more physically painful, with a nice wooden weapon.

❀

IT is stated that in America one hundred thousand copies of Dr. Warner Fabian's novel, *Flaming Youth* (S. Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), have been sold. Well, it may be a very faithful holding up of a mirror to nature, but one hopes that the mirror is narrow, for the picture drawn of Mrs. Fentriss's three daughters is not particularly agreeable. One knows that the modern generation is inclined to be venturesome, but—even amongst the leisured classes of America—do the girls speak and act in so "flaming" a manner? Perhaps they do, but—I wonder. The novel itself, however, is certainly most readable, and it contains some excellent scenes. Pat herself, too, is understandable. At the same time, I cannot think that the book will repeat its American success.

❀

ONE of the most picturesque cities in Europe is Prague, and its history is no less romantic. It was a happy idea of Mr. Granville Baker's to tell the old town's story, and his *From a Terrace in Prague* (Allen and Unwin: 16*s.* net) is an engrossing book. There are times when you think that the author must be "making things up," so dramatic are the stories he has to tell, but he is an accurate historian as well as a polished writer, and you are safe in his hands. Incidentally, the book is furnished with delightful little introductions to the chapters, and it is illustrated by the author himself.

❀

IS it not a little strange that the belief in the essential mystery of woman should continue to be so widespread? It is certainly a great tribute to her sex, but—is woman really more mysterious than man? Is she even more interesting? Of course, she must be, because book after book about her appears, whereas the poor male receives no more than an occasional paragraph. At the moment, it seems, Mr. H. L. Mencken, a well-known American critic, has got himself into hot water by writing too bluntly, or too incorrectly—I haven't seen his book—about the ladies, for which reason Miss Helen Jerome has determined to unveil whatever mystery there may be and tell the truth about her sex. A very bold business indeed. *The Secret of Woman* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) certainly gives the poor man little quarter, but in general it is full of good sense. You are shown a sort of feminine panorama—womankind, her methods and moods. Miss Jerome is a charming apologist—that is my word, not hers—and I don't doubt that her words will be widely popular. In fact, I see no reason—in theory—why after reading her book, the puzzled husband should ever misunderstand his good lady. Divorce should speedily disappear. The only trouble is that these generalisations invariably seem to fail at the critical moment—I mean when *you* and *your* wife happen to be at odds. For all that, you should certainly read Miss Jerome's witty book.

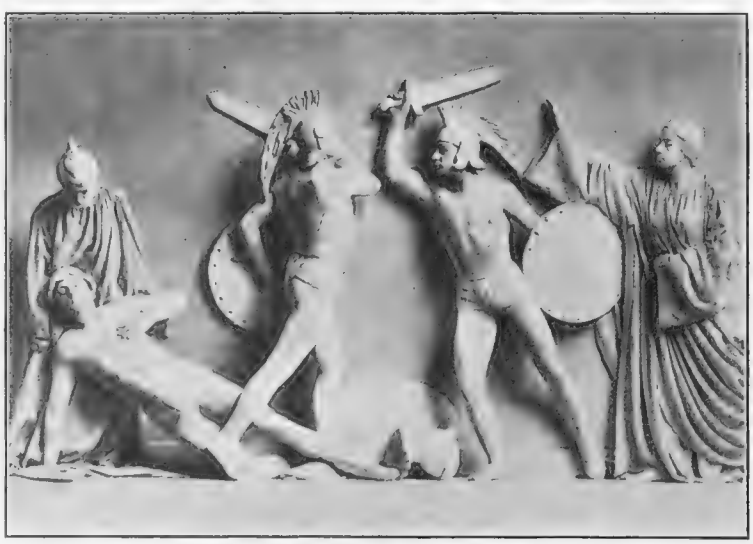
SILHOUETTE BY H. L. OAKLEY

THE CUT DIRECT FOR THE "CUTTER-OUT"

Mr. Roddy Hughes, who plays Suitangi, the silhouette cutter, in the touring version of "The Lady of the Rose," successfully "shadowed" by our watchful artist

❀

GREATLY daring, Mr. John Buchan introduces no less a figure than Samuel Johnson into his new romance, *Midwinter* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is a tale of the '45, when Johnson was still a struggling tutor, awkward and boorish, self-effacing but grimly bellicose in any cause he considered to be just. As shown in these pages, the great man is portrayed agreeably enough and with what one imagines is extreme accuracy; and if words are put into his mouth which belong to a later date, what matter? Yet he is not the hero of this exciting tale, which, to be candid, hardly required Johnson's intrusion at all. Mr. Buchan's skill in this sort of story is unrivalled, and although *Midwinter* does not give you that astounding and continuous thrill which *Greenmantle* provided, it is the best kind of historical romance.



AN ARTISTIC REPRODUCTION

One of the effective tableaux staged by Madame Henriette de Serris' Company at the Palladium, this week. This amazing act, with its faithful reproductions of famous bas-relief and classical statuary, is the result of years of study in the principal art galleries of Europe, and a lifetime of physical culture on the part of the portrayers

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—From "The Times," September 18th, 1923.

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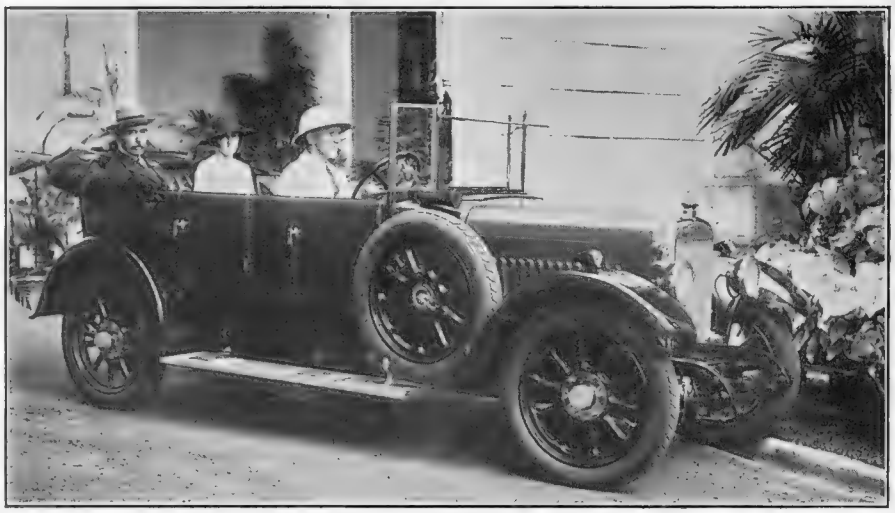
MOTOR NOTES

I HAVE great hopes of seeing in the near future the associate badge of the R.A.C. carried on every car and motor-cycle that uses our roads. In the first place, with legislation threatened in the nature of a new Motor-Car Bill, it strengthens the Club in its dealing with Governments to speak for every private owner in the country. Secondly, provided every private owner joined, a subscription of one guinea would suffice, instead of two guineas per annum as heretofore.

* *
*

AT present the official road-guides promptly aid all motorists, whether members of the Club, associates, or non-members. In fact, non-members often tell me of the good deeds the guides perform and how grateful they were for them. My reply is always, "Show practical gratitude and join up as an associate" for the two guineas. A case in point occurred recently when a small car-owner in a tour in Cornwall and Devon broke the petrol pipe connection to the carburetter and could not possibly mend it without soldering. Five miles away from the nearest large village, and more from the nearest town, he asked a passing car's driver to send him out help from the first garage he passed. Being a Sunday the stranded one hoped for the best, and smoked the pipe of peace while he waited. After about an hour an R.A.C. guide turned up on a motor-cycle with soldering iron and kit to make the repair. All the garages were shut in the near village which the messenger car had passed, but five miles beyond he had met an R.A.C. guide and explained the situation. Promptly the guide rode back the ten miles and did the job for the small car-owner, who is not a member or an associate of the Club. And there are many similar instances to record of the excellent service now provided for motorists in cases of breakdowns on the road.



OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE

The Governor of Ceylon, Sir William Manning, leaving Queen's House, Colombo, with Lady Manning. At the wheel is Mr. R. D. Banks, who is driving a new 15.9 h.p. Arrol-Johnston touring car

* *
*

SCOTLAND has been testing the new 15.6 h.p. Durant car, for this participated in the annual open reliability trial for the Palmer Cup held by the Scottish Western M.C. The sporting and severe course put seven competitors out of the running for a gold medal in the first twelve miles. In fact, the Durant was the only car to gain a gold medal; it made an outstanding performance of the climb up Logie Hill. The Palmer Cup, for the best

(*Continued on page 74.*)

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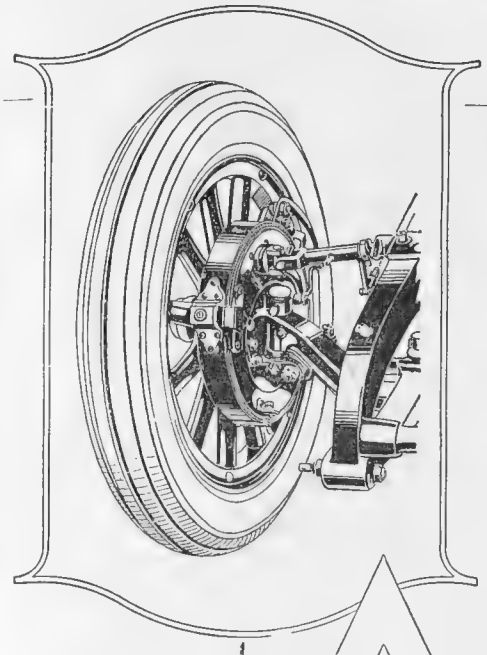

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Buick engineers have been developing these brakes for years and have brought them to the point where they are as thoroughly reliable as their Valve-in-Head engine, which Buick has used from the outset.

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All the normal risks of skidding are largely eliminated. Improved all-round efficiency goes hand-in-hand with improved "Safety First" conditions. And it is more economical, because distribution of braking friction over four wheels instead of two reduces the wear on brake linings, tyres and chassis components.

Buick Four Wheel Brakes have had more than 150,000 MILES OF ROAD TEST

The New Buick for Safety

GENERAL MOTORS LTD

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

solo performance, was won by a 2¾ h.p. Sunbeam motor-cycle, and the James Shield, for the best sidecar effort, was gained by a 7 h.p. A. J. S. combination set. But both these makes have proved themselves successful so often that one is apt to forget that they could possibly lose.

* * *

As usual at this season, new items in motor fittings are being brought into the limelight as the time approaches for the annual motor show at Olympia. Straight-edge tyres of the low pressure-type, to give an extra cushion comfort to the cars they are fitted upon, is the Dunlop Rubber Company's contribution to the novelties of the 1924 season. Since 1916 the Dunlop Company have been testing these, and now they are satisfied that low-pressure wheel coverings are better than high-pressure ones, both for the chassis and the passenger. For my own part, I agree with them, as this year I have been running on Dunlop cord straight or wired-edged tyres, inflated to 40 lbs. per square inch pressure for a ton load, with splendid results—no troubles and greater riding comfort. The new type is of much larger section, but lighter in construction than normal tyre covers. It carries the required load at a much lower air pressure, thus enabling the sides or "walls" of the tyre to flex easily. Also with a low pressure the deflation, if trouble does happen, is slower, so that dangerous bursts are practically impossible. With this quality, added to the better comfort, the new Dunlop "low pressure" tyre should be a popular one for the motor carriage. Being easy to detach or to put on to the rim, it will be favoured by ladies and the paid driver alike, both of whom dislike work of a strenuous character. In fact, a child can change the new cover. No tool is required owing to a specially moulded patented safety rib which rests over the rim edge.

A RECORD HARD TO BEAT

Mr. F. L. Rapson, the well-known tyre manufacturer, photographed outside his works at New Malden, with his powerful 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier. The car, we are informed, has covered 75,000 miles in under two years, during which time — to quote Mr. Rapson — the total cost of upkeep, so far as the engine and chassis were concerned, was two sets of piston-rings! Some record!

* * *

Thirty-six cars have now entered for the Junior Car Club's 200 miles race for 1,500 c.c. engines on October 13 at Brooklands, besides twenty for the 1,100 c.c. class. The latter category will run off their 200 miles in the morning, and the 1,500 c.c. racers will perform after luncheon, so visitors to this racing track will get a full day's entertainment for their money. Three cars have been entered by the Clement-Talbot Company, the holders of the trophy, and two cars by the Fiat Company, of Turin, who hope to wrest this prize from the British representatives and take it back to Italy. France is represented by the Bugatti cars in the 1,500 c.c. class and the Salmson in the 1,100 c.c., both of whom are equally hopeful of gaining the honour for that country. For it must be remembered that both classes compete for the trophy itself, as well as for the respective class prizes, and the fastest car wins, irrespective of the capacity of the engine. As Mr. Malcolm Campbell will drive one of the Fiats and probably one of the Italian racing drivers the other, British motorists will have an opportunity of seeing a practical demonstration of the supercharging of the engines' cylinders, as this is a feature of the Fiat carburation.

OLD HY.

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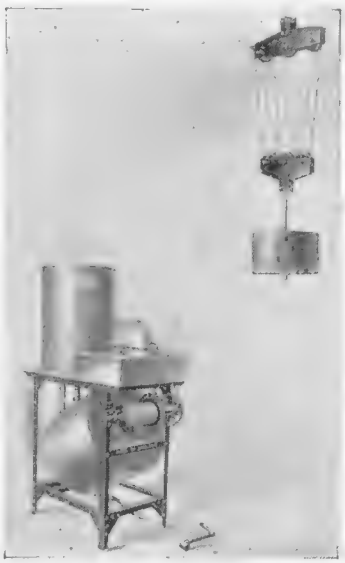

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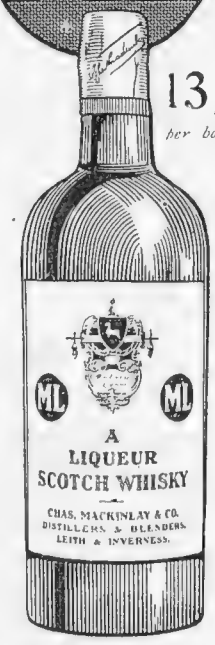

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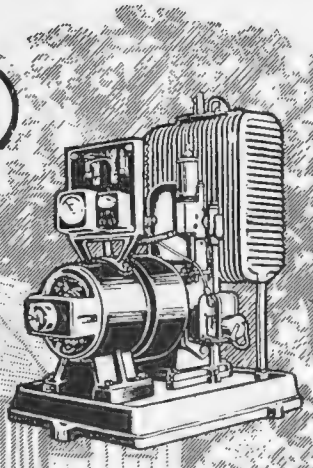

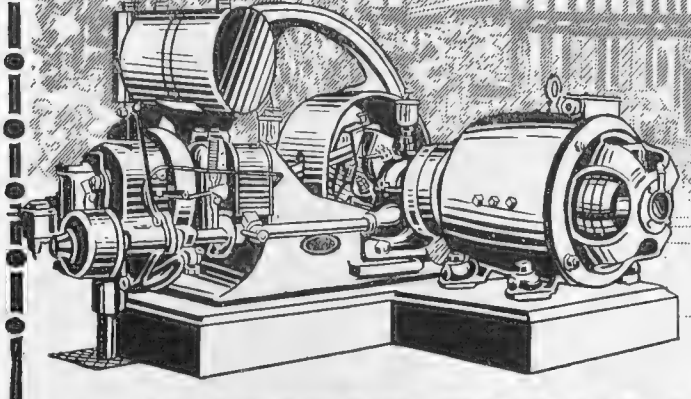

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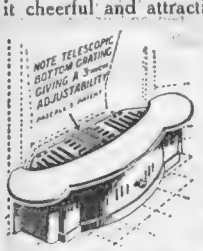

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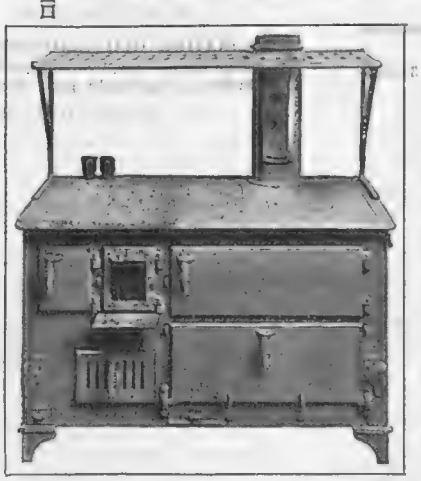

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Napkins to match.		
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Complete **£6 10 0**
Untrimmed Cots, from **42/-**

Also in lace trimmed muslin, with appliqué designs in fine net and silk. Prices range from **6** to **10 Gns.**

Hamper Basket to match, **79/-**.

Patterns of cot trimmings will gladly be sent on approval.

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. GOOCHS Ltd *'Phone: Kensington 5100.*

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Jay HAT

the essence of refinement.

The ARUN Model

The new turned-over brim gives this fashionable little fur felt hat the very latest note in smartness. In fawn, slate, silver, ash, beaver, cinnamon, mole, nigger, navy, gold, saxe, cherry, almond green, mauve, white and black. In all sizes. Price 35/9

Also in the finest quality velour, in very many colours, some bright and some neutral. In all sizes. Price 49/6

Jay Hats are distinguished by a small label inside —a picture of a Jay. The best milliners everywhere have a Jay Hat to suit you.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining a Jay Hat, write direct to

VICTOR JAY & CO.
264 Regent Street, W.1

h

TO MAKE ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE

Take out an "ACME POLICY"

with

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Everything is guaranteed, even the maintenance of the Policy in the event of permanent total disablement by means of the new Disability Clause of the Company, viz:

(a) Cessation of Premiums.
(b) One-tenth of Sum Assured paid annually for ten years.
(c) Full Sum Assured paid on death.

Write for Explanatory Leaflets 'Y' 18

TO

The STANDARD LIFE

Assurance Company. — Estd. 1825.

Head Office: 3 George Street, EDINBURGH.

LONDON: 110 Cannon Street, E.C. 4, and 15a Pall Mall, S.W.1

DUBLIN: 59 Dawson Street.

Cultivate Shapely Ankles.

No woman is without charm if endowed with graceful and shapely ankles, but the possessor of thick and unattractive ankles knows only too well the cruel handicap imposed upon her. This distressing affliction can now be corrected by a new and ingenious invention which moulds the ankles to symmetrical proportions and pleasing outlines.

Particulars contained in a dainty brochure, ANKLE BEAUTÉ, sent under plain cover, post free.

MADAME MONTAGUE, (Room B.S.2.)
16, Cambridge St., Belgravia, London, S.W.1.

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Sketched by "Beta"

TWO NEW "JAY" HATS
A becoming little mushroom-shaped hat in fur felt with ribbon-loop trimmings; and (below) a brown velour with slightly larger brim bent down on the sides

THE dress world is agog in every direction, and in many instances with startling events, although many in search of new autumn and winter raiment are still busy prospecting round fearing to miss the latest and best.

The "Jay" Hat

IN pursuance of their usual custom the firm responsible for the famed "Jay" hat has put on the market a splendid array of new models, adhering, as always, to the type of useful small shapes that are nowadays worn with many gowns, as well as the simple tailor-made. A model assured of favour is the mushroom illustrated, the brim given a slightly shortened appearance by being rolled up at the back. Built of the best fur felt in a long selection of colours, the trimming chosen is a large *choux* of ribbon loops a radiating half-circle of ends standing above. Feather-weight in the hand, this is the kind of hat that must be seen on the head to be appreciated. More obvious is the larger shape, the brim slightly bent down either side and bound with ribbon in tone. The actual model sketched is a golden brown felt, the ribbon used for the binding and the handsome plaited *motif* being a shade or so lighter.

A striking novelty of the season are felt hats, trimmed felt. In one instance the decoration is cleverly manipulated to resemble astrakhan, in another being cut up into fine strands and treated to fashion a large floral rosette. The idea is altogether most ingenious, though such surprises are only to be expected from a house of such note as that responsible for the "Jay" hat.

Beautiful Blouses and Jumpers

AKIN with everything else in the realms of dress just now, quality and form take precedence of all else where blouse and jumpers are concerned, though these essentials have always been conspicuously in evidence at Walpole's, 89-90, New Bond Street. These people have an enviable reputation to maintain, and their efforts each season never fail to impress one of their appreciation of its value. This season it will be appreciably enhanced by an exceptional array of attractive blouses, of which the accompanying sketch is an example.

Fashioned of a heavy-weight fine quality white crepe de Chine, real *filet* lace is employed as decorative medium, together with the always effective open-work stitch; and the price is by no means out of the way at 89*s.* 6*d.* for a garment that will wash, wear and look good while there is a stitch left in it.

The many now in search of the popular little shirt blouse completed by the demure Peter Pan collar, are strongly advised to seek the services of Walpole in this regard, the models making a start here at 39*s.* 6*d.*, while a particularly charming example with a tiny pleated frill round the collar and running down either side the front comes out at 45*s.* 9*d.*

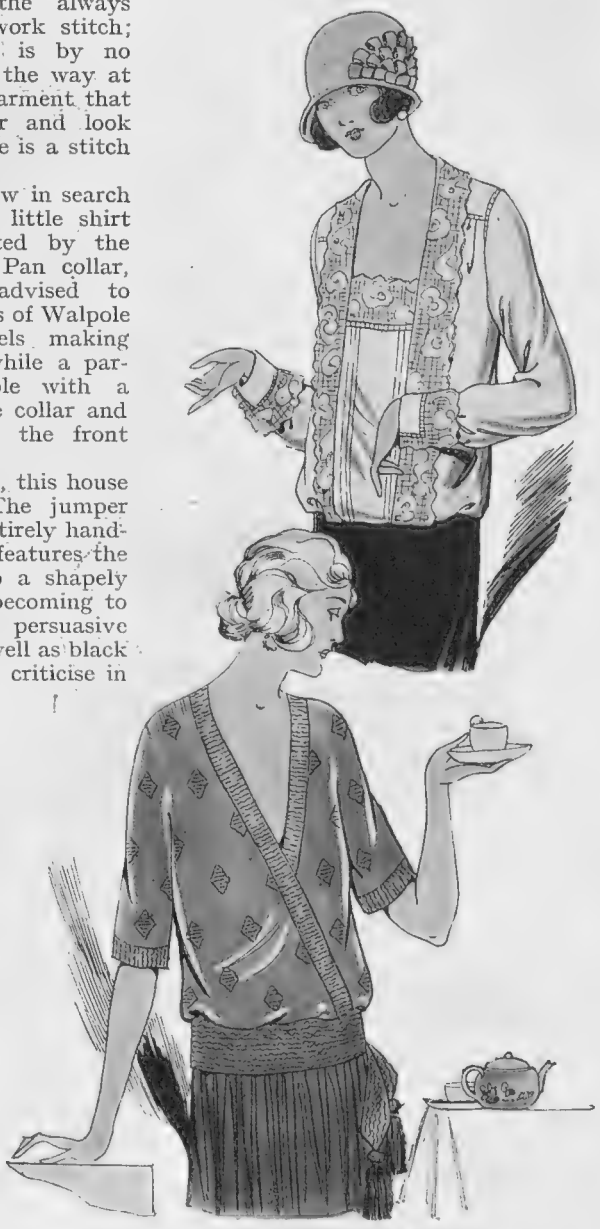
In knitted garments, also, this house is particularly strong. The jumper sketched by our artist is entirely hand-made of artificial silk, and features the cross-over front fitted into a shapely hip band, a style equally becoming to slim or full figures. In a persuasive selection of soft shades, as well as black and ivory, there is little to criticise in the price of 63*s.*

A suit in a mixture of artificial silk and wool recalls the iridescent plumage of the pheasant, while a natural tone brushed-wool costume has hem, collar, cuffs and pocket, of the same material, splashed with dull pinks, browns and blues. The varieties and styles in knitted frocks are endless. Perfection for an older woman is one in a greyish Hussar-blue shade, the long, straight upper part fitted with a neck that can be worn open or closed with equally pleasing effect. Others there are, produced in jacquard expressions usually in two tone colourings, all beautifully made and finished and fully worthy of a place in a *salon* dealing only with the best and most exclusive.

The Secret of Slenderness

IT is now an accepted fact that *La Mode* has set the firm seal of her approval on a silhouette that is slimmer than ever, and the question of *dessous* to meet this requirement has, naturally, been causing a considerable amount of thought and discussion. Mere common sense demands that a certain amount of underwear must be worn, and how to bring this down to a minimum and at the same time dispense with a plethora of shoulder straps has at last been solved by that expert *corsetière*, Madame Silva, who carries on the good work at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street.

What she has devised is a complete revelation, and is certain to work a revolution in *dessous*. Many will,



FOR THE DISCERNING WOMAN
An attractive blouse of heavy crepe de Chine, trimmed with real filet lace; and (below) an effective jumper featuring the cross-over front. Both these creations are to be seen at Walpole's, 89-90, New Bond Street, W.
Sketched by Betty Nisbet

doubtless, recall, in fact, the majority know of the "Corslo," a combination of bust bodice and hip-band, that has been selling in these *salons* for some time. Well, the new "*Multum in Parvo*," the subject of the adjoining illustration, is a development of that ingenious garment, combining bust bodice, hip belt, *jupon* and pantalons, four garments in one, which is stepped into at once and fastens at the back under a concealing flap, thus doing away with the double set of shoulder-straps, and, what is far more important, the four-fold of material at the waist.

Needless to say, this perfected result was not arrived at in a minute, every detail had to be meticulously worked out in relation to its fellows. The knickers, for example, are made easily detachable for easier laundering purposes, as also the central and short whalebones, planned to slip in and out, the rest being left intact for cleaning or washing, while cleverly placed suspenders support the stockings. The lower, or petticoat part, comprises a laundry-pleated flounce of crêpe de Chine, the knickers of the same material daintily hemstitched and fitted with small buttons up the centre, the hip-band and bust bodice being composed of a heavy rich washing satin. Apart from its splendid utility and the sylph-like appearance it imparts to the fullest figure, this "Corslo Silhouette"—make a mem. of the title—is the perfection of comfort to wear, and expresses as described the epitome of dainty elegance. It is, furthermore, a distinct economy if one compares the cost of separate garments effected in a like luxurious manner.

Doubtless, as time goes on other materials, including cotton stuffs, will be requisitioned to the cause, and to avoid any disappointment and a fruitless chase for the "Corslo Silhouette" elsewhere than at Debenham and Freebody's, it should be mentioned that the strictest patents have been taken out to preclude worthless imitations.

THE SECRET OF SLENDERNESS

The ingenious "Multum in Parvo" combination garment devised by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

Autumn and Winter not Recognised

All around us the leaves are turning colour preparatory to falling off, and leaving the trees in the stark nakedness of winter. The shops are full of furs and warm clothes, and the talk is all of autumn and winter, except at the *salons* at 24, Grafton Street, W., where the only two seasons recognised in a woman's life is the spring and the summer of youthful maturity. Madame Rubinstein laughs and snaps her fingers at the devastating influences of the autumn and winter in a woman's life. "There are no such seasons," she says, "if you will listen to me," and the wise not only listen to her but accept the precepts without question, for surely one with a quarter of a century's world-wide experience must know the culture of beauty backwards. Admiring as she does with a true artist's eye the work of nature, Madame Rubinstein yet realises the latter's limitations, and adjures young and old alike to preserve the gifts of a youthful contour and unblemished skin, a procedure that can either be acquired through the post, or by a visit to the *salons* in Grafton Street, where the best advice is given gratuitously and ungrudgingly; from both there can be learned the invaluable service of Valaze beautifying

(*Continued on page* xii)

Yardley's
Freesia Face Powder

A face powder exquisitely fine and pure. Perfects the tint and texture of the skin, and leaves it delicately perfumed with the fascinating fragrance of the Freesia flower.

Price 3/3 per box.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from:

YARDLEY & Co., Ltd., 8, New Bond St., London.

Some Pens are non-starters others are "also rans"

Streamline model 21/-

Some pens won't start to write; they sputter and stammer. The Onoto, owing to its perfect feed, starts at once.

Other pens are "also rans"—the ink runs out just when you least want it to. But the Onoto Self-filling safety pen never leaks. You can carry it upside down. It is the only self-filling safety pen that can be sent through the post full of ink.

Examine the Onoto at your Stationer's. See how beautifully it is made. Compare it with other pens, and if you choose the best pen you will choose an Onoto.

Onoto the Pen

There are Onotos of all types, to meet everyone's requirements. Prices from 17/6 to £10 10s.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., 110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

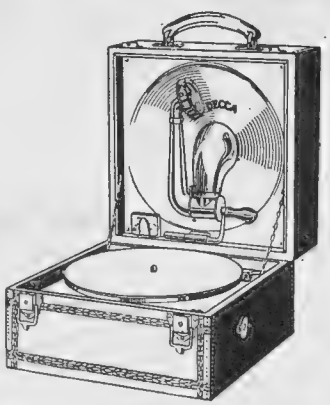
The jolly little "Decca"!

All over the world it goes and from every quarter there comes appreciation of its pleasure-giving and distinctive qualities. There's no other "portable" like the "Decca," which is so good—so clear, so musical—that here in England it has in hundreds of homes superseded the big and costly gramophone. A "Decca" you can take with you anywhere and have it in any room at any time. It is compactness itself!

THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

Full, rich, natural tone, clear reproduction. Ready to play immediately opened. Many improvements recently added, making its superiority still more pronounced.

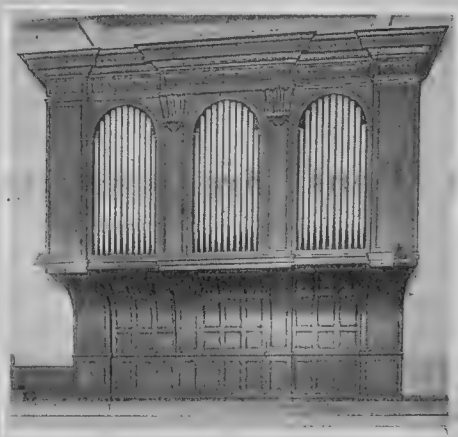
Prices from
£3 : 12 : 6
to
£9 : 9 : 0
Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc.



"Decca" Book, containing unique photographs received from "Decca" enthusiasts, post free from—

"DECCA,"
34, Worship St., London, E.C.2
(*Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.*)

STEINWAY WELTE PHILHARMONIC REPRODUCTION ORGAN



For Town or Country Residences
Adaptable Period Designs to suit surrounding architecture

The above photograph represents the instrument from which Messrs Steinways are broadcasting actual renderings of the Worlds greatest organists

STEINWAY & SONS
Steinway Hall, 115-117, WIGMORE ST. W.1.

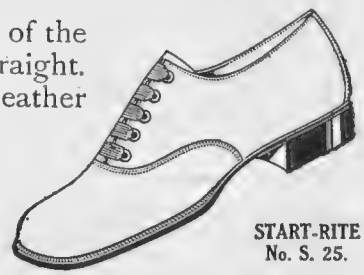
The Shape of Your Child's Feet Depends on You

IS your child going to have strong arched insteps or turned-in ankles and flat feet? It all depends on the support the little insteps get during the first ten years. Ordinary footwear does not give that support. Start-Rite boots and shoes do.

This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards

Children must run and romp. You cannot stop them from overtiring their little feet. You won't need to stop them if they wear Start-Rite footwear. Their feet won't tire so quickly because the Start-Rite Shoe gives support to the part that needs support. It is strongest where the ordinary shoe is weakest. And it prevents falling arches and flat feet.

An extension of the inside of the heel keeps the ankle straight. A lengthening of the leather stiffener—too short in the ordinary shoe—forms an arch that supports the instep. And when Start-Rite shoes are worn for some years the instep becomes strong enough to support itself.



START-RITE
No. S. 25.

The popular "Start-Rite" Nature form Model with plenty of room for the feet to find their natural play and plenty of support. Brown Willow uppers for hard wear, an excellent school shoe.

NOTE THE REDUCED PRICES

5—6½	7—8½	9—10½	11—12½	13—1½	2—3½
13/-	13/9	14/9	15/9	16/9	18/3

Don't wait till the mischief is done. Take your child to your shoemaker and have the little feet made safe with Start-Rite boots or shoes.

START-RITE
Patented
CHILDREN'S IMPROVED FOOTWEAR

A FREE BOOK FOR CHILDREN

Send a card, mentioning this paper, for a free copy of "The Prince's Zoo," containing beautiful coloured plates by Harry Rountree of the Prince of Wales' Zoological collection and details of Start-Rite Shoes. The children will love it. Also the name of your nearest agent.

JAMES SOUTHALL & COMPANY, LTD.
NORWICH.
FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOTWEAR SINCE 1792
(Also Makers of Lightfoot Shoes for Ladies.)

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

skin food, which, by its stimulating and deep reaching action, clears up dull, sallow complexions, and disposes of freckles, and renders the skin of the fine, pure, healthily-tinted texture of a child.

For wrinkles, a defect by no manner of means always due to age, but quite probably to undue dryness of the skin, sports, and fatigue, there is Valaze Perfection cream and skin tonic, emolients that verily work miracles. Facial contour is aided by a Roman jelly that braces up relaxed muscles, especially those beneath the chin, and double chins vanish before a splendid reducing jelly.

No sportswoman should be without Valaze sunproof cream, if the skin is to be kept softly tinted and supple, or, if preferred, there is a Valaze Balm Rose. Both are wonderful weather protectors, and likewise form an excellent foundation for powder; while another unique lotion not to be overlooked is an open pore paste for greasiness and those ugly distended pores. The face, so to say, washed with this and subsequently treated with a few drops of Liquidine, takes on a fresh refined and matt appearance.

The noted Continental doctor, whose skill in æsthetic surgery is world known, and who has for so long been associated with Madame Rubinstein will be at 24, Grafton Street, from October 15 to 29; but to see him appointments must be made.

Old Records Made New

Although one of Shakespeare's characters in *Twelfth Night* utters the exhortation, "If music be the food of love, play on," the modern music lover who relies on the gramophone for his entertainment is often rather chary of playing on. For records which have seen much service are often all too liable to give a creditable imitation of a buzz-saw in action rather than a faithful reproduction of the melody originally recorded on their waxen surfaces. But now "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," for the Columbia Gramophone Company have placed on the market the Columbia Grafonola. This machine not only reveals new details of harmony hitherto obscured by the ordinary gramophone, but records which have been in use for as long as ten years play as sweetly as new ones on the Grafonola. The new Grafonola costs no more than the ordinary Columbia machines, and it becomes evident that the pet joke of one of the characters in a book of Barry Pain's, "Tinned music is nearly as deadly as tinned lobster," is as out-of-date as the Dodo.

"HOMEWARD"

This charming woodland scena from the able brush of Mr. Lionel Edwards is one of a number of hunting subjects which Messrs. Soane and Smith, Ltd., of 462, Oxford St., W., are selling in the famous "Copeland-Spode" ware for breakfast luncheon and dinner services and decorative mural plaques

Fuel Figures

It seems sheer redundancy to mention the enormous advantages of anthracite stoves over gas and electric fires in these days. They are so obvious. But having been recently involved in the trials of dull domesticity, which are, alas! as ever-present as the proverbial poor, I realised that nieces and nephews *are* growing up and are grateful for hints on how to feather their nests with economy and comfort. Even the young occasionally take advice from the experienced ones, and these youthful people of my story are delighted and pleased with the success of their new "Esse" stove and "Esse" cooking range. It is certainly an exceedingly clean and economical apparatus, requires very little attention, and assures even and continuous heat or hot water. An interesting study of costs from actual experience, shows that a medium-heating "Esse" stove burning continuously day and night for the entire winter (twenty-six weeks) costs just over £5 in fuel, with anthracite at 82*s.* per ton; whereas an up-to-date gas stove burning fifteen hours a day for the same period costs over £25.

Beautiful Users of

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

Miss BEATRICE LILLIE,

the charming and well-known Actress, writes:—

Dear Sirs,

I use your Georgian Soap, Shampoo Powder, and also your Beauty Powder, and greatly appreciate their quality and fragrant perfume. I find the Soap delightful, and the powder is one of the best I have ever used.

Yours truly,
BEATRICE LILLIE.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from leading London Stores and principal Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

T. F. BRISTOW & Co. Ltd.
Established 1777.
Clerkenwell, LONDON.
Perfumiers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN SOAP
10p per Tablet
Visitors' size Tablet 3p post free
BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER
1/3 & 2/6
Send name of your Stores
Make beauty a duty!

The Gramophone Advance of the Century

Dame CLARA BUTT

says:

"THIS invention easily places the Grafonola several years in advance of any other known gramophone. . . . It is a gramophone revolution."

The New
Columbia Grafonola

Made in 19 beautiful models from £5 10*s.* to £85. Write for Art Catalogue and name of nearest Dealer—COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

"La Corona" stands for Quality, "Half-a-Corona" indicates size. Be sure you get the genuine.

La Corona
Half-a-Corona

A Liqueur in Havana Cigars.

Obtainable from all High-class Tobacconists, 112/6 per 100, packed in boxes of 100, or 29/6 per box of 25.

Actual size of cigar 5½ inches.

MELBOURNE HART & CO.
31-34, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2.

"SWAN" "LAST-DROP" INK BOTTLE (Filled with SWAN INK) For self-filling pens.

Price 1/6 (postage 8d. extra)

OF ALL STATIONERS.

For fountain and steel pens—

there is no ink to equal "Swan" Ink. You may test its superior qualities by getting a 2oz. bottle for 6d. from your nearest stationer. Those who already use "Swan" Ink will find it economical to buy the larger bottles.

"Swan" Ink dries black for ever.

"SWAN" INK

2 oz. 6d. 4 oz. 1/- 6 oz. 1/6 9 oz. 2/-
(postage extra)

MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford St., London, W.1. Branches: 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.1; 97, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95a, Regent St., W.1; and at 3, Exchange St., Manchester.

Winter is Coming—
Safeguard Your Complexion.

Don't wait until the keen winter winds have roughened and marred your complexion. Begin now to use

BEETHAM'S
La-rola
(as Pre-War.)

You will find it wonderfully soothing and so beneficial that, if regularly used, no bad weather conditions will have power to mar your dainty charm of complexion, or to roughen your hands and arms.

From all Chemists in bottles, 1/6.

PALE COMPLEXIONS *may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives*

THE BEAUTY SPOT!

Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.

Tel: 52 Broxbourne

Lieut-Col. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES
Specially Trained against **BURGLARS** for **LADIES' GUARDS**
From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street

ALPINE SPORTS, LIMITED.

Chairman: SIR HENRY LUNN.

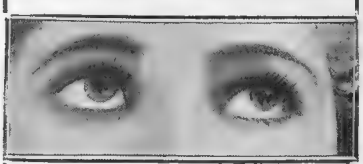
BEST HOTELS, BRITISH CLIENTELE AND CONTROL.

PONTRESINA, MURREN MORGINS.

The Three Best Winter Resorts in the Alps.

Plans and full particulars from The Secretary, 2R Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.1. 2R, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, W.1.

LOVELY EYELASHES



Signor Lavreitzski, a well-known Italian scientific chemist, is the inventor of SHADOLI, a marvellous preparation which rapidly produces **Lovely Dark Eyelashes** and **Eyebrows** of perfect and natural growth—*the kind so admired which are so rare.* A few applications will strikingly transform the most homely face, making it **sweet** and **attractive.** Commence to-day, and see how much more attractive you will look in three weeks. SHADOLI is quite harmless, and is sold in sealed packages, price 4/6, post free, by the sole English Agents, Messrs. M. K. Chapman Ltd., British and Foreign Toilet Depot (Dept. A), Red Lion Square, London, W.C. Also through Boots' Branches, Harrods and Selfridges.

Beware of imitations of this genuine Italian Prescription.

Overcoat Comfort

This warm and comfortable double-breasted Jaeger Ulster is ideal for Travelling or Motoring. It is smartly cut from Pure Wool Fleece material to give the freedom and comfort so necessary in travelling.

Style "Richmond" unlined
From **£5 17s. 6d.**

Lined wool "satin"
From **£6 17s. 6d.**

Lined silk or satin
From **£7 5s. 0d.**

Write for New Jaeger Catalogue Illustrated with Phot graphs.

JAEGER
Pure Wool

352/54, Oxford Street, W.1.
16, Old Bond Street, W.1.
102, Kensington High Street, W.8,
456, Strand, W.C.2.
131a, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
30, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
85/86, Cheapside, E.C.2.

Address of local agent sent on application.

Vivien

Specialists in all Knitted Goods.

58, New Bond Street, W.1.
(2nd Floor)

Hand-knitted in wool.
4½ Gns.

Other models for all occasions from **50/-**

Machine-Knitted and Bouclette Costumes a speciality.

New design hand-knitted Coat and Skirt in wool, silk and wool or rich crêpe silk in close stitch for Autumn and Winter wear, to measure, in Black, White, all colours and heather mixtures.

SOME FISH DISHES

Fillets of Sole with Cheese Stuffing

HAVE a large Dover sole filleted, skin the fillets, wash and dry them. Chop a teaspoonful of parsley, mix with five dessertspoonfuls of breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, the grated rind of half a lemon and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Beat up one egg and add to above ingredients, mix to a stiff paste. Spread this on to the skinned side of the fillets, roll each into the shape of a sausage and tie loosely with string. Put them on to a well-buttered tin, cover with a greased paper, and bake in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes. Untie the string and put the rolls down the centre of a hot dish and serve with cheese sauce. *Cheese Sauce.*—Make some white sauce and stir in 4 ozs. of cheese to half a pint of sauce—let the latter boil up before stirring in the cheese.

Fried Fillets of Whiting in Batter

Fillet the fish, wash the fillets and roll them in a cloth to dry. To make the batter: Take 3 ozs. of flour and add a pinch of salt. Make a hole in the centre of it and pour in one dessertspoonful of salad-oil, stir in some of the flour, then add gradually three-quarters of a gill of warm water, and by degrees work in all the flour, keeping an even consistency all the time. When well mixed, beat for a few minutes, then stand the batter aside for an hour. Beat up the white of an egg, add a pinch of salt and whisk it to a very stiff froth, then stir it into the batter lightly after it has been standing. Dry the fillets in some flour, then put them into the batter, one or two at a time, and coat them all over with it. Put the fat (it should be deep in the pan) on, to get hot in good time, and when a slight smoke rises from it, put in three or four of the fillets and fry until golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve on a dish paper and garnish with parsley and cut slices of lemon.

Scallops in Shells

Wash the scallops well, trim away the beards, keeping the white and orange-coloured parts. Stew them very gently in milk and water for about ten minutes, then take them out, cut them up, and mix with them a little salt, pepper, cayenne, and a little finely chopped parsley. Make a thick white sauce, and put in the fish, stir over the fire for a few minutes, add the squeeze of a lemon and a *very* little grated nutmeg, turn into shells, strew breadcrumbs over, and having put pieces of butter on the top of each shell, brown in the oven and serve very hot.

Curried Prawns

Chop an onion and a few slices of apple finely and fry this in 2 ozs. of butter. Stir in a tablespoonful of curry powder and the same of ground rice or flour. Add a gill of stock or milk, and cook for twenty minutes, now stir in the prawns, add a little chutney and a squeeze of lemon-juice, heat the curry through and serve with well-cooked rice. If fresh prawns are unprocurable, the curry is very good made with those sold in tins. Add milk should the curry be too dry.

Shrimp Paste

Procure a pint and a half of shelled shrimps and put them into a jar with 2 ozs. of butter. Season well with salt, pepper and a little mace. Cover the jar and put into a moderately hot oven for about fifteen minutes. Then pound them well and rub through a sieve. Pack the paste tightly into small pots and pour over sufficient clarified butter to cover the top. Tie down when cold and store in a cool place.

EMILIA

EXAMINE THE GARMENT
THE TRADE MARK

What the Mark suggests—Strength, Supremacy, Superiority—a critical inspection of each garment bears out. Note the perfect shapeliness, the little extra refinements in finish and style which set a standard never before attained in underwear. If you value your health and comfort, you cannot do better than wear

"ENDURO"

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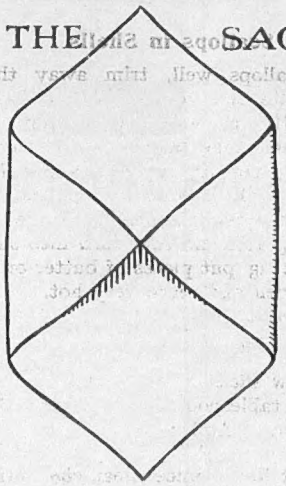
How to fold a Serviette

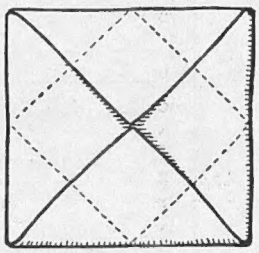
THE SACHET

1



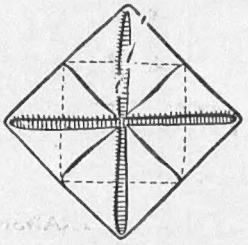
Fold right and left corners to centre.

2



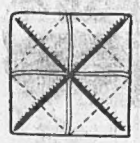
TURN COMPLETELY over and fold top and bottom corners to centre.

3



Then each of the four corners to centre.

4

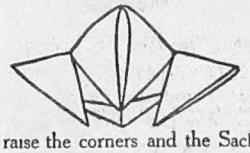


TURN OVER and fold each corner to centre again.

5

TURN OVER and again fold all four corners to centre, press down well and TURN OVER AGAIN.

6



Now raise the corners and the Sachet is complete.

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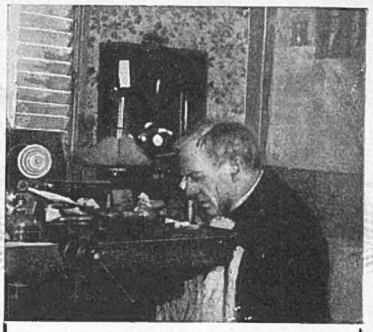

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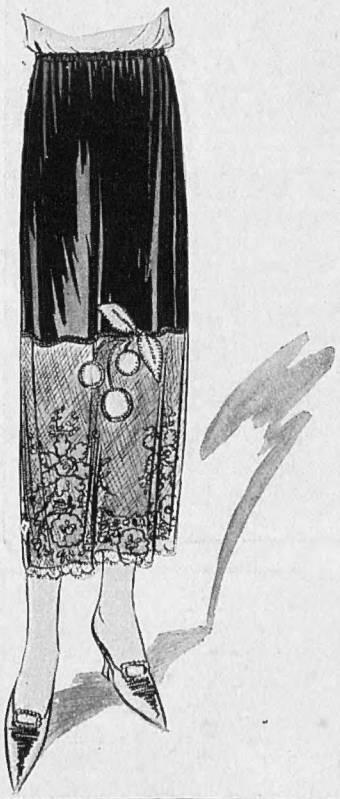

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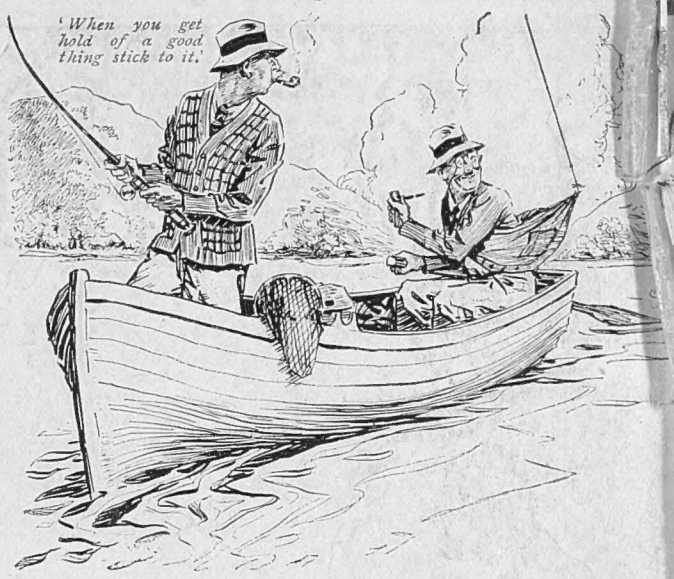

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